MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pope will be eighty years of age on the 13th of May. Great preparations are being made for the anniversary.

It is announced that Major [illegible]rt, of Ruthin Castle, has been definitely appointed Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

The appointment of the Duke de Noailles, who recently declared himself a convert to republicanism, as French minister at Washington is now certain.

Miss Grant, daughter of the American President, accompanied by Madame Thiers, witnessed the playing of the great fountains in the park of Versailles on Sunday.

Information has been received in Greenock by Messrs. Barne and Johnstone that the steamer Bloodhound was lost on the Seal Grounds on Sunday week. The crew are safe, and the vessel is insured.

One of the Cornish mackerel boats has landed at Mevagissey a fine specimen of the ground shark, which was caught by hook and line. It has been purchased for Mr. Buckland.

Monday was one of the holidays under the Bank Holiday Act of last year in Scotland, and Monday week (Whit-Monday) will be a holiday under the statute of England and Ireland.

Mr. Humphry Williams, of Carnanton, Cornwall, who for many years represented Truro in parliament, and father of Mr. Brydges Williams, M.P. for East Cornwall, died on Tuesday in London, while on a visit to his son, at the age of 82.

Prince Bismark is indisposed. The *North German Gazette* states that the physicians declare that there is no serious cause of apprehension as long as the imperial chancellor obtains the early rest which is absolutely necessary for him.

The grand total of the six days' sale of the pictures belonging to the late Mr. Gillott, pen-manufacturer, of Birmingham, amounted to 164,500*l*. Of this enormous sum, Messrs. Agnew alone were purchasers to the extent of not less than 78,000*l*.

The arrangement for Prince Arthur's visit to Liverpool in Whitsun-week are making progress. He will be the guest of Mr. R. S. Graves, M.P., at Wavertree Grange, and, as in the case of his brother the Duke of Edinburgh, the visit will extend over several days.

Volunteers will hear with regret the death of Colonel Macdonald, who for twelve years has been commanding officer of the 1st Surrey Rifles. The deceased officer was for some years in the Bengal army under Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, and had seen some active service.

Double Gallant.

CLARINDA *(aside)* Soh! he takes the hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither, I know what to think. How unconcerned he looks. Confusion! he addresses her before my face.

LADY SADLIFE *(peeping in)* What do I see? the pleasant young fellow that talked with me in the park just now.

Act 2. Scene 1.

London, Published by J. Duncombe & Co. 10, Middle Row, Holborn.

Duncombe's Edition.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT;

OR,

THE SICK LADY'S CURE!

A COMEDY,

IN

Five Acts.

BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.
1707.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK;
To which is added,
A DSCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. DUNCOMBE & CO
10, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Sadlife	Mr. W. Farren
Clerimont	Mr. J. Vining
Careless	Mr. G Vandenhoff
Atall	Mr. C. Mathews
Old Mr. Wilful	Mr. F. Mathews
Sir Harry Atall	Mr. Granby
Captain Strut	Mr. Selby
Sir Squabble Splithair	Mr. Ayliffe
Supple	Mr Honner
Dr. Bolus	Mr. Morelli
Rhubarb	Mr. Ridgway
Finder	Mr. W. H. Payne
Saunter	Mr. Wigan
Officer	Mr C. Smith
Page	Miss Lane
Bird Man / *Indian Man*	Mr. Ireland
Servant to Clarinda	Mr. Hughes
Servant to Lady Dainty	Mr. Collet
Armenian	Mr. Davis
Servant to Sir Solomon	Mr. Andrews
Lady Dainty	Mrs. W. Lacy
Lady Sadlife	Mrs. Nisbett
Clarinda	Madame Vestris
Sylvia	Mrs. Brougham
Wishwell	Mrs Orger
Situp	Mrs. Humby
Sylvia's Maid	Miss Jackson
China Woman	Mrs. Emden

Revived at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, March 19th, 1839.

Time in Representation—3 hours.

Sir Solomon Sadlife—Light drab square cut coat of the period, with narrow gold trimming, waistcoat and breeches of the same, long white hose pulled over the knees, shoes and buckles.

Atall—Light blue square cut coat plentifully trimmed with silver, waistcoat and breeches to match, three-cornered hat. with white fringe trimming, white long ringlet wig, lace cravat, ruffles, gauntlet gloves with blue fringe, white silk hose, garters and diamond buckles. Second dress—Black velvet trimmed with gold, red hose, dark long and full ringlet wig. Third dress—scarlet and gold, jack boots.

Careless—Brown and gold, striped hose, black long ringlet wig Second dress—Fur cap, green velvet coat trimmed with fur, crimson trowsers tied at the ancles, embroidered boots.

Clerimont—Yellow velvet coat, red waistcoat, yellow silk breeches, each trimmed with silver, blue hose, garters and buckles, shoes and ditto, black wig, three-cornered hat, blue fringe.

Mr. Wilful—Red coat, waistcoat, and breeches, light red hose.

Sir Harry—Green velvet suit, white hose, long grey wig.

Captain Strutt—Scarlet and gold coat and waistcoat, white smalls, red hose with gold clock, (after with jack boots) club wig.

Saunter—White coat and breeches with silver trimming, silver brocade vest, full curled long white ringlet wig.

Sir Squabble Splithair—Dark drab suit, white hose, iron grey head of long hair, hat and white fringe.

Finder—Green silk coat with white satin vandyke trimming, red waistcoat and breeches, yellow hose, long black hair.

Bolus—Black velvet suit, Midas wig well powdered.

Rhubarb—Brown coat, black waistcoat and breeches, black hair.

Supple—Dark green coat, silk vest, white hose, grey hair.

Officer---Blue coat, yellow facings, white smalls, jack boots.

Page---Green, with white trimming.

Bird Man---Brown suit.

☞ All the Geatlemen wear Patches, Swords, and Canes.

Lady Dainty—White muslin dress, turban, Indian scarf, &c.

Lady Sadlife—Sacque dress of brocade silk, black upon red stripes, five-flounced petticoat of the same, high cap, bunch of ribbons on the top.

Clarinda—Flowered pink brocade sacque dress and petticoat, high caps and ribbons. Second dress. Blue and gold military coat, three-cornered hat with blue fringe, jack boots, sword, &c. Third dress. Amber-coloured silk dress, black velvet hat.

Sylvia—Flowered green brocade sacque dress, with five-flounced petticoat, high cap, and ribbons.

Wishwell—White sacque dress, with large flowers, petticoat, cap and ribbons.

Situp—Green silk dress, with large white flowers, bunched up behind, white petticoat.

Sylvia's Maid---Sacque dress and petticoat, cap and ribbons.

China Woman---Black bonnet, brown dress looped behind, satin quilted petticoat.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter CLERIMONT, L. H, *and* ATALL, R. H.

Cler. Mr. Atall, your very humble servant.

At. O, Clerimont, such an adventure—(I was just going to your lodgings)—such a transporting accident! in short, I am now positively in love for altogether.

Cler. All the sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my friend, I am ruined past redemption.

Cler. Dear sir, if I stand your friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why should you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in love within this fortnight; and it would be hard, indeed, to suppose a heart of so much mettle could not hold out a third engagement.

At. Then to be serious, in one word, I am honourably in love; and if she proves the woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate virtue!

At. Now will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me. But pray give me leave first to ask a question or two: what is this honourable lady's name?

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her parents?

At I can't tell.

Cler. What fortune has she?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very concise account of the person you design to marry. Pray, sir, what is't you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you. Coming yesterday from Greenwich by water, I overtook a pair of oars, whose lovely

freight was one single lady, and a fellow in a handsome livery, in the stern. When I came up, I had at first resolved to use the privilege of the element, and bait her with waterman's wit, till I came to the bridge; but as soon as she saw me, instead of turning her head aside, or cramming her hoods in her mouth to raise my curiosity, she very prudently prevented my design: and as I passed, bowed to me with an humble blush, that spoke at once such sense, so just a fear, and modesty, as put the loosest of my thoughts to rout. To be brief. Her conversation was as charming as her person, both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly. But then her cheek—oh, rapturous thought! The snowy down upon the wings of unfledged Love, had never half that softness!

Cler. Raptures, indeed! Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted with her cheek?

At. By the most fortunate misfortune sure that ever was; for as we were shooting the bridge, her boat, by the negligence of the waterman, was overset: out jumps the footman to take care of a single rogue, and down went the poor lady to the bottom. My boat being before her, the stream drove her by the help of her clothes, towards me; at sight of her I plunged in—caught her in my arms, and with much ado supported her till my waterman pulled in to save us. But the charming difficulty of her getting into the boat, gave me a transport that all the wide water in the Thames had not power to cool. For, sir, while I was giving her a lift into the boat, accident brought her lovely cheek in contact with mine, and—Oh, Clerimont!

Cler. What an impudent happiness art thou capable of.

At. When she was a little recovered from her fright, she began to enquire my name, abode, and circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her life and preservation. Now, to tell you the truth, I durst not trust her with my real name, lest she should from thence have discovered that my father was now actually under bonds to marry me to another woman. So, faith, I even told her my name was Freeman, a Gloucestershire gentleman of a good estate, just come to town about a Chancery suit. Besides, I was unwilling any accident should let my father know of my being yet in England, lest he should find me out, and force me to marry the woman I never saw, (for which, you know, he commanded me home) before I have time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but could not you learn the lady's name all this while?

At. No 'faith, she was inexorable to all intreaties; only told me in general terms, that if what I vowed to her was

sincere, she would give me a proof in a few days what hazards she would run to requite my services; so, after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a chair, pressed her by the cold rosy fingers, kissed 'em warm, and parted.

Cler. What! then you are quite off of the lady, I suppose, that you made an acquaintance with in the Park last week?

At. No, no—not so neither. One's my Juno, all pride and beauty; but this my Venus—all life, love, and softness. Now, what I beg of thee, dear Clerimont, is this: Mrs. Juno, as I told you, having done me the honour of a civil visit or two at my own lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. Venus in; for if the rival goddesses should meet and clash, you know there would be the devil to do between 'em.

Cler. Well, sir, my lodgings are at your service—but you must be very private and sober, I can tell you, for my landlady's very particular: if she suspects your design you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear, I'll be as careful as a guilty conscience: but I want immediate possession, for I expect to hear from her every moment; and have already directed her to send thither. Pr'ythee come with me.

Cler. 'Faith, you must excuse me—I expect some ladies in the Park that I would not miss of for an empire,—but yonder is my servant—he shall conduct you.

At. Very good—that will do as well, then. I'll send my man along with him, to expect her commands, and call me if she sends; and in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own lodgings; for to tell you the truth, I expect a small message there from my goddess imperial—and am not so much in love with my new bird in the bush, as to let t'other fly out of my hand for her.

Cler. And pray, sir, what name does your goddess imperial (as you call her), know you by?

At. Oh, sir, with her I pass for a man of arms, and am called Colonel Standfast. With my new face, John Freeman, of Flatland Hall, Esq. But time flies: I must leave you.

Cler. Well, dear Atall, I'm yours. Good luck to you! [Atall *crosses, and exits* L. H.] What a happy fellow is this that owes his success with the women purely to his inconstancy? Here comes another too almost as happy as he, a fellow that's wise enough to be but half in love, and makes his whole life a studied idleness.

Enter CARELESS, R. H.

Cler. So, Careless—you're constant, I see, to your morning's saunter. Well, how stand matters? I hear strange things of thee; that, after having railed at marriage all thy life, thou hast resolved to fall into the noose at last.

Care. I don't see any great terror in the noose, (as you call it), when a man's weary of liberty. The liberty of playing the fool when one's turned of thirty is not of much value.

Cler. Heyday! then you begin to have nothing in your head, now, but settlements, children, and the main chance?

Care. Even so, faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forced very often to make my way through pills, elixirs, boluses, ptizans, aad gallipots.

Cler. What, is your mistress an apothecary's widow?

Care. No, but she is an apothecary's shop, and keeps as many drugs in her bedchamber: she has her physic for every hour of the day and night, for 'tis vulgar, she says, to be a moment in rude and perfect health Her bed is lined with poppies—the black boys at the feet, that the healthy employ to bear flowers in their arms, she loads with diascordium, and other sleepy potions. Her sweet-bags, instead of the common and offensive smells of musk and amber, breathe nothing but the more modish and salubrious scents of hart's-horn, rue, and assafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this rate she's only fit to be the consort of Hippocrates. But pray, what other charms has this extraordinary lady?

Care She has one, Tom, that a man may relish without being so deep a physician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thousand pounds a-year.

Cler. No vulgar beauty, I confess, sir; but canst thou for any consideration cast thyself into this hospital—this box of physic, and throw thyself away upon her like leaf gold upon a pill?

Care. Oh, dear sir, this is not half the evil—her humour is as fantastic as her diet—nothing that is English must come near her: all her delight is in foreign impertinencies Her rooms are all of Japan, or Persia, her dress Indian, and her equipage are all monsters The coachman came over with his horses, both from Russia, (Flanders are too common) the rest of her trim are a motly crowd of blacks, tawny, olives, feulamots, and pale blues. In short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond sea; her greatest monsters

are those of her own country; and she is in love with nothing of this side the line but the apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries, quotha! why your fine lady, for aught I see, is a perfect dose of folly and physic—in a month's time she'll grow like an antimonial cup to you.

Care. But to prevent that, Tom, I design upon the wedding day to break all her gallipots, kick the doctor down stairs, and force her, instead of physic, to take a hearty meal of a swinging rump of boiled beef and carrots, and so 'faith I have told her.

Cler. That's something familiar. Are you so near man and wife?

Care. Oh, nearer, for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very sight of me.

Cler. Ha, ha! very good. So being a troublesome lover, you pretend to cure her of her physic by a counter-poison.

Care. Right! I intend to fee a doctor to prescribe her an hour of my conversation to be taken every night and morning; and this to be continued till her fever of aversion's over!

Cler. An admirable recipe!

Care. Well, Tom, but how stand thy own affairs? Is Clarinda kind yet?

Cler. Faith, I can't say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it; for she's grown so ridiculously ill-humoured to me of late, that if she keeps the same airs a week longer, I am in hopes to find as much ease from her folly, as my constancy would from her good-nature. But to be plain. I'm afraid I have some secret rival in the case; for women's vanity seldom gives them courage enough to use an old lover heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new one that they intend to use better.

Care. What says Sir Solomon? He is your friend, I presume?

Cler. Yes—at least, I can make him so when I please;—there is an odd five hundred pounds in her fortune that he has a great mind should stick to his fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I am afraid I must comply with, for she can't easily marry without his consent. And yet she's so altered in her behaviour of late that I scarce know what to do. Pr'ythee take a turn, and advise me.

Care. With all my heart! [*Exeunt* L. H.

SCENE II.—*Sir Solomon Sadlife's House.*

Enter SIR SOLOMON, *and* SUPPLE, *his Man*, R. H.

Sol Supple, dost not thou perceive I put a great confidence in thee? I trust thee with my bosom secrets.

Sup, Yes, sir.

Sol. Ah, Supple! I begin to hate my wife. But be secret.

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, sir.

Sol. Nay, then, I'll trust thee further. Between thee and I, Supple, I have reason to believe my wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah, dear sir, I doubt that's no secret; for, to say the truth, my lady is bitter young and gamesome.

Sol. But can she have the impudence, think'st thou, to deceive a knight—one that was dubbed by the royal sword?

Sup Alas, sir, I warrant sh'as the courage of a countess. If she's once provoked, she cares not what she does in her passion. If you were ten times a knight, she'd giv you dub for dub, sir.

Sol. Ah, Supple, when her blood's up, I confess she's the devil. But suppose she should resolve to—— eh, Supple?—And yet I do not think but my spouse is honest—and think she is not. Would I were satisfied!

Sup. Troth, sir, I don't know what to think, but in my conscience I believe good looking after can do her no harm.

Sol Right, Supple—and in order to it, I'll first demolish her visiting days. For how do I know but they may be so many private clubs for mischief.

Sup Ah, sir, your worship knows I was always against your coming to this end of the town.

Sol Thou wert indeed, my honest Supple. But woman! fair and faithless woman, wormed and worked me to her wishes Like fond Marc Antony, I let my empire moulder from my hands, and gave up all for love. I must have a young wife, with a murrain to me! I hate her, too—and yet the devil on't is, I am still jealous of her! Stay—let me reckon up all the fashionable virtues she has that can make a man happy. In the first place, I think her very ugly——

Sup. Ah, that's because you are married to her, sir.

Sol. As for her expences, no arithmetic can reach them; she's always longing for something dear and useless, she will certainly ruin me in china, silks, ribbons, fans, laces, perfumes, washes, powder, patches, jessamine gloves and ratifia.

Sup. Ah, sir, that's a cruel liquor with them.

Sol. To sum up all would run me mad. The only way to put a stop to her career must be to put off my coach,

irn away her chairmen, lock out her Swiss porter, bar up the doors, keep out all visitors, and then we shall not be plagued with my old Lady Tittle-tattle's howd'ye's in a morning, nor my Lady Dainty's spleen, or the sudden indisposition of that grim beast her horrible Dutch mastiff.

Sup. No, sir, nor the impertinence of that great fat creature, my Lady Swill Tea.

Sol. And her squinting daughter. No, Supple, after this night nothing in petticoats shall come within ten yards of my doors.

Sup. Nor in breeches neither?

Sol. Only Mr. Clerimont, for I expect him to sign articles with me for the five hundred pounds he is to give me for that ungovernable jade my niece Clarinda [*Aside.*] Ha! see who is that? [*Knocking.*]

Sup. Oh, sir, it is the three strange suitors that would marry Madame Clarinda.

Sol. Let them come in; I'll divert myself by laughing at them a little, and then send them about their business like fools as they came.

Re-enter SUPPLE *with* CAPTAIN STRUT, SIR SQUABBLE SPLITHAIR, *and* SAUNTER.

Well, gentlemen, your business with me I understand is much the same—my consent to your marrying my kinswoman. I should be glad if any of you bring pretences that I like; and so if you please, gentlemen, one after another, and when I have heard you all I'll give you my answer. And in the first place, what are you, sir?

Capt. I, sir, am a—man of honour.

Sol. Pray, sir, what's that—a lord?

Capt. No, sir, one that scorns to take the lie or pay debts.

Sol. Humph! that's pretty near the matter—an extraordinary person. Where do you live, sir?

Capt. Why, here—and there, sir; I'm a man of a frank nature, and am always at home.

Sol. Where do you sleep at night?

Capt. No where; I sit up every night at the tavern, and in the morning lie rough in the round-house.

Sol Pray, sir, how do you spend your time when you are out of a tavern?

Capt I play crimp, matches at tennis, bowls and piquet, and get in desperate debts for young fellows that dare not fight for themselves.

Sol. Are you never run through the body?

Capt. Often, sir; yet I fear nothing but a bailiff or a court martial. Sir, I kiss every woman that smiles, and kick

every man that frowns upon me, for I take both to myself whether they meant me or not.

Sol. How, sir, strike before you know whether you are affronted or not? I thought you were a man of honour.

Capt So I am, sir, and would not have it stained—in quarrelling. Delays look scurvily—first blows are best. When a man looks angry upon me, and says anything I don't understand, I knock him down, and then it is no matter whether I understand him or no. Shall a rascal, because he has read books, talk pertly to me?

Sol. Why, sir, are not your men of honour given to learning?

Capt. Those that think it worth their while are, but we generally leave that to the chaplain, and the chaplain sometimes leaves it to the agent. Our disputes need but little reading, blows, blood and wounds are soldiers arguments, sir.

Sol. Nay, sir, I sha'n't dispute with you. But, pray sir, what can you settle upon my kinswoman?

Capt. My glory and my sword.

Sol. A jointure of vast honour, I must confess. Pray, sir, where may your glory lie?

Capt. In the Gazette.

Sol. And your sword—the silver-hilted one I mean.

Capt. At the pawnbroker's.

Sol. And pray, sir, why would you marry?

Capt. Sir, I owe above fifteen hundred pounds; besides I have a mind to leave off raking.

Sol. Ah, a very sober principle, truly. Well, sir, since I know your pretences, will you give me leave to talk with the other gentlemen? Pray, sir, what are you?

Split. I, sir, am none of your skipjacks, no spendthrift courtier, nor beggarly soldier, but a solid substantial man with a thinking head and a prudent conscience, that have lived this twenty years in St Magnus parish, have lent my money to the government, and owe none of my neighbours a shilling.

Sol. Pray sir, what may be your name?

Split. My name, sir, is Sir Squabble Splithair, Knt. and citizen of London.

Sol. And what may be your profession, sir?

Split. Sir, I profess—Troth I can hardly tell you what I profess, but turning of money is my chief business Sir, I'll make a bargain with any man in the city, and defy him to outwit me, I have been too sharp for everybody I have

dealt with and have got a plentiful estate by other people's folly and my own industry. I sell by a short yard, and bring in a long bill.

Sol. Ah, you are rich, no doubt, sir.

Split Then I discountenance the enemies of the government by encouraging them first to run prohibited goods, and then I discover them to shew my loyalty.

Sol. You'll be a great man, sir. These are qualities not to be resisted. But now, sir, what are you willing to settle upon her?

Split. Settle, sir! why, I'll—look you, sir, I don't understand your law terms and hard words, but I'll make her a happy woman. She shall want for nothing: I'll settle a good husband upon her.

Sol Well, sir, now I have heard what you can do, I have but a word or two with this gentleman, and then——

Split. Sir, with all my heart· if you can get a better bargain, take it.

Sol. Well, sir, now pray what are you?

Saun. I, sir—ah, ah! I'm nothing at all, sir.

Sol. Ah, that is not much indeed, sir. But, pray sir, hav you no employment!

Saun Employment! what do you mean, old gentleman – jo ner's work? Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Sol. Very good, sir. And pray what estate have you?

Saun. I can't tell, sir, I never mind accounts—I don understand them.

Sol. Pray, sir, what is it you do understand?

Saun. Bite, bam, and the best of the lay, old boy

Sol. Ah, that's every word more than I understand, I must confess. Do you know nothing of the law, sir?

Saun. Umph Just as much as I got from being often arrested.

Sol. Do you follow no business, sir?

Saun. No, sir, I hate it—I avoid it. I'll make business follow me—a gentleman's above it.

Sol. Ah, you seem to lead a pleasant life, sir.

Saun. Yes, sir, pleasure's my principle, and I'll stick to it as long as I live.

Sol Pray what's your chief diversions?

Saun. Sauntering. As thus, sir, from my lodging to the Smyrna, thence to White's, then to the Smyrna again, then to White's again, and all this while my chair follows me empty. Then I dine, drink a bottle, go to Will's, go behind the scenes, make love in the green room, take a benefit

ticket, ferret the boxes, straddle into the pit, green room again, do the same at both houses, and stay at neither.

Sol. Ah, a pretty life. Do you never study, sir?

Saun. Umph! in a morning a little while my man draws on my shoes, I hum over a preface or so, then turn to the conclusion and give my judgment accordingly. I hate fatigue, a gentleman should only have a taste of everything.

Sol. But do you never study yourself neither?

Saun. Oh, yes, sir, that I never fail to do, at least three hours in a glass every morning.

Sol Provoking dog! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, and what other powerful reasons have you to encourage my niece coming into your family?

Saun. Why none so great, sir, as my family itself, it is as ancient as any in England. The Saunterers, sir, came in with King Stephen the Conqueror. And a man of honour, always values a good family beyond fortune.

Sol. Aye, but some fools don't, sir; and I shall not blush to tell you I am one of those. And let me tell you, sir, he that outlives his fortune will have much ado sometimes to make his family own him. Poverty at court, sir, is like wit in the city, always counted illegitimate. Well, gentlemen, I have heard you all, and I won't marry my kinswoman to this gentlemen, because his prudent conscience as he calls it, will let him spend but a penny a day; nor to this gentleman, because as far as I find, he has not that to spend; nor to the noble captain here, because he spends more than he has.

Capt. Why, then, sir, I'll stick to my mistress and a pipe of Mundungus.

Split. And as for Sir Squabble Splithair, know, sir, that now I won't take under a thousand pounds more with your niece, and so your friend and servant.

Saun. And for me, sir——

Sol. Oh, sweet Mr. Nothing-to-do!

Saun. Know, sir, that the noble family of the Saunterers shall never be stained with the base blood of a Put, sir; and so your servant again, sir. [*Exit* L.

Sol Ha, ha, ha! Well, I see there are other monsters in the world beside cuckolds, and full as ridiculous. But now to my own affairs. I'll step into the park and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there. I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, as walking in a mask to laugh at the impertinence of fops that don't know her; but it is more likely, I'm afraid, a plot to intrigue with

those that do. Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring. *Exit*, L. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Clarinda's Apartment.*

Enter CLARINDA *and* SYLVIA, C. D.

Clar. Ha, ha! poor Sylvia!

Syl Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for inclination: for if there were, you know, why should it be a greater folly in me to fall in love with a man I never saw but once in my life, than 'tis in you to resist an honest gentleman, whose fidelity has deserved your heart an hundred times over

Clar. Ah! but an utter stranger, cousin; and one that, for aught you know, may be no gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible! his conversation could not be counterfeit, An elevated wit, and good breeding, have a natural lustre that's inimitable—beside, he saved my life at the hazard of his own, so that part of what I give him is but gratitude.

Clar. Well! you are the first woman that ever took fire in the middle of the Thames, sure. But suppose, now, he is married, and has three or four children.

Syl. Psha! Pr'thee don't teaze me with so many ill-natured objections. I tell you, he is not married—I am sure he is not, for I never saw a face look more in humour in my life. Beside, he told me himself he was a country gentleman just come to town upon business, and I'm resolved to believe him.

Clar Well, well, I'll suppose you both as fit for one another, then, as a couple of tallies; but still, my dear, you know there's a surly old father's command against you: he is in articles to marry you to another; and though I know Love is a notable contriver, I can't see how you'll get over that difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your assistance, dear Clarinda, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even wager I prove as wise as my father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me. I have so natural a compassion for disobedience, that I sha'n't be able to refuse

you anything in distress : there's my hand. Tell how can serve you ?

Syl. Why, thus : because I would not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a note to visit me here, as if these lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither ! to my lodgings ! 'Twas well I sent Colonel Standfast word I should not be at home. [*Aside*]

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my freedom, since one end of my taking it, too, was to have your opinion of him before I engage any further.

Clar. Oh, it needs no apology—anything of mine is at your service. I am only afraid my troublesome lover, Mr. Clerimont, should happen to see him, who is of late, so impertinently jealous of a rival, (though from what cause I know not); should he see him, your country gentleman would be in danger, I can tell you

Syl. Oh, there's no fear of that, for I have ordered him to be brought in the back way. When I have talked with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you ; and then we'll compare our opinions of him.

Enter Servant, L. H.

Serv. (*To* Clar.) Madam, my Lady Sadlife. [*Exit* L. H.

Syl. Psha ! she here !

Clar. Don't be uneasy : she sha'n't disturb you : I'll take care of her.

Enter LADY SADLIFE, L. H.

Lady S. Oh, my dears, [*Crosses*, C.] you have lost the sweetest morning sure that ever peep'd out of the firmament : the Park never was in such perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always so, when your ladyship's there.

Lady S. 'Tis never so, without my dear Clarinda !

Syl. (*Aside.*) How civilly we women hate one another ! Was there a good deal of company, madam ?

Lady S. Abundance ! and the best I have seen this season —for 'twas between twelve and one the very hour, you know, when the mob are violently hungry. Oh, the air was so inspiring ! And to complete the pleasure, I was attacked in conversation by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young fellow, sure, that ever woman played the fool with.

Clar. Who was it ?

Lady S. Nay, Heaven knows ! his face is as entirely new as his conversation. What wretches our young fellows are to him !

Syl. What sort of a person ?

Lady S. Tall, straight, well-limbed, walked firm ; and a look as cheerful as a May-day morning.

Syl. (*Aside.*) The picture's very like : pray heaven it is not my gentleman's !

Clar. (*Aside.*) I wish this don't prove my Colonel.

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon ?

Lady S. Oh, name it not ! That eternal damper of all pleasure, my husband Sir Solomon, came into the Mall in the very crisis of our conversation. I saw him at a distance, and complained that the air grew tainted—that I was sick o' th' sudden, and left him in such abruptness and confusion, as if he had been himself my husband.

Clar. A melancholy disappointment, indeed !

Lady S. Oh, 'tis a husband's nature to give 'em

A Servant *whispers* Sylvia, L. H.

Syl. Desire him to walk in. Cousin, you'll be at hand ? [*Crosses* R. C., *and go up*]

Clar. In the next room Come, madam, Sylvia has a little business. I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest figured China.

Lady S. My dear, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt* Lady S. *and* Clar. R. H.

Enter ATALL, *as* Mr. Freeman, L. H. Servant *shews him on—crosses at back, and exits,* R. H.

Syl You find, sir, I have kept my word in seeing you—'tis all you yet have asked of me ; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in honour, I shall refuse you.

At. This generous offer, madam, is so high an obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther favour.—(Death ! what a neck she has !) But 'tis a lover's merit to be a miser in his wishes, and grasp at all occasions to enrich 'em. I own I feel your charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious thoughts 'till I have passed one dreadful doubt that shakes 'em.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the trial ; and yet methinks my fears are vain. But yet to kill or cure 'em once for ever, be just and tell me. Are you married ?

Syl. If that can make you easy : no !

At. 'Tis ease, indeed Nor are you promised ? nor your heart engaged ?

Syl. That's hard to tell you. But to be just, I own my father has engaged my person to one I never saw ; and my heart I fear's inclining to one he never saw.

At. Oh, yet be merciful, and ease my doubt. Tell me the happy man that has deserved so exquisite a blessing!

Syl. That, sir, requires some pause. First, tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the condition of your own heart?

At. In every circumstance my heart's the same with your's. 'Tis promised to one I never saw, by a commanding father, who by my firm hopes of happiness I am resolved to disobey, unless your cruelty prevents it.

Syl But my disobedience would beggar me!

At. Banish that fear. I'm heir to a fortune will support you like yourself. May I not know your family?

Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to enquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be ne'er the wiser. These lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion; but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confidant of my engagements to you: on her opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill if I make no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable, indeed, should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire Let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer even exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there? [*Enter* Servant, R. H.] Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in [Servant *crosses, and exit* C D]

At. Ha! Clarinda! If it should be my Clarinda, now, I'm in a sweet condition. By all that's terrible, the very she! This was finely contrived of Fortune.

Enter CLARINDA, C. D.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast! She has certainly discovered my acquaintance with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him. I'll disappoint her: I won't know him.

Syl. Cousin, pray come forward—this is the gentleman I am so much obliged to. Sir, this lady is a relation of mine, and the person we are speaking of.

At. I shall be proud to be better known among any of your friends. [Atall *crosses, salutes her, and goes up a little with* Sylvia.]

Clar. (*Aside*) Soh! he takes the hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither. I know not what to think. How

unconcerned he looks. Confusion! he addresses her before my face!

Lady S. (*Peeping in* D. F. R.) What do I see? The pleasant young fellow that talked with me in the Park just now! This is the luckiest accident! I must know a little more of him. [*Retires.*]

Syl. (*Down* C.) Cousin, and Mr. Freeman—I think I need not make any apology—you both know the occasion of my leaving you together. In a quarter of an hour I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Syl. R.

At. So, I'm in a hopeful way now, faith! But buff's the word—I'll stand it.

Clar. Mr. Freeman! So my gentleman has changed his name, too! I could find in my heart to humour his assurance, and see how far he'll carry it. Won't you please to sit, sir? [Atall *places chairs. They sit.*]

At. What the devil can this mean? Sure she has a mind to counterface me, and not know me, too. With all my heart. If her ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her.

Clar. (*Aside.*) Certainly that face is cannon proof!

At. Now for a formal speech, as if I had never seen her in my life before. Madam—ahem—madam, I—ahem!

Clar. (*Aside*) Plague of that steady face!

At. I say, madam, since I am an utter stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more arguments than one to do me a friendship with your cousin. But if you are, as she seems to own you, her real friend, I presume you can't give her a better proof of your being so, than in pleading the cause of a sincere and humble lover, whose tender wishes never can propose to taste of peace in life without her.

Clar. Umph! I'm choaked! [*Aside.*]

At. She gave me hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my birth and fortune, you would do me the honour to let me know her name and family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect master of your art, that ever entered the lists of assurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much easier task to impose upon my cousin, than me.

At. Impose, madam? I should be sorry anything I have said could disoblige you into such hard thoughts of me. Sure, madam, you are under some misinformation.

Clar I was, indeed, but now my eyes are open—for 'till

this minute I never knew that the gay Colouel Standfast was the demure Mr. Freeman.

At. Colonel Standfast! This is extremely dark, madam.

Clar. This jest is tedious, sir. Impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a gentleman—[*Rises.*]—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the humours of a fine lady

Clar. Troth, sir, on second thoughts I begin to be a little better reconciled to your assurance: 'tis in some sort modesty to deny yourself, for to own your perjuries to my face had been an insolence transcendently provoking.

At Really, madam my not being able to apprehend one word of all this is a great inconvenience to my affair with your cousin. But if you will do me the honour to make me acquainted with her name and family, I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you

Clar. Come, come—since you see this assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple honest look, and generously confess your frailties. The same slyness that deceived me first, will still find me woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do! [*Aside.*] Sure, madam, you take me for some other person.

Clar. Insolent! I am not to have my senses, then!

At (*Aside.*) No!

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last

At. (*Aside.*) The last extremity.

Clar. Well, sir, since you won t know yourself, 'tis possible at least you may have some small acquaintance with the person I take you for. It can do you no harm, I presume, to own you know Colonel Standfast.

At. By all that's binding, I know no more of him than you know of me.

Clar. If you know as much, 'tis enough.

At. Never saw or heard of any such person since I was born.

Clar. Then I must tell you, sir, since you will own nothing to me, I'll own something to my cousin for you. I'll take care she shall know you perfectly.

At. Be not so barbarous, madam, without a cause to misrepresent me, where my soul languishes to be clearly known. Upon my knees I beg you do not in a rash error of my person so apparent, blindly ruin me with the only creature in whom my humble heart has treasured up its future hopes of happiness.

Clar. Poor litttle malice! You think this stings me now, but you shall find I'm not so little mistress of my heart, but I can still recal it: and since you are so much a stranger to Colonel Standfast, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me:—I hate, scorn, detest, and loath him—I never meant him but at best for my diversion, and should he ever renew his dull addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain insolence deserves. Now, sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the house immediately.

At I would not willingly disoblige you, madam, but 'tis impossible to stir till I have seen your cousin, and cleared myself of these strange aspersions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you once for all, you've seen the last of her.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your cruelty, I'll take my leave. But, as you hope for justice on the man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely friend; and when you have named to her my utmost guilt, yet paint my passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what tortures I endured in this severe exclusion from her sight, that till my innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into mercy,

A madman's frenzy's heaven to what I feel—
The wounds you give, 'tis she alone can heal. [*Exit* L. H.

Clar. Most abandoned impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out facing my senses, or his insolent owning his passion for my cousin to my face. 'Tis impossible she could put him upon this—it must be all his own. But, be it as it will, by all that's woman, I'll have revenge! [*Exit* R. H.

Re-enter ATALL, L. H. *and* LADY SADLIFE, U. E. R. H.

At. Heyday! is there no way down stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out—this is the oddest house!

Lady S. Here he is! I'll venture to pass by him! [*She crosses* L. H.]

At. Pray, madam, which is the nearest way out?

Lady S Sir—out—a———

At Oh, my stars, is't you, madam? This is fortunate, indeed. I beg you tell me, do you live here, madam?

Lady S Not very far off, sir. But this is no place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

At. By all those kindling charms that fire my soul, no consequence on earth shall make me quit my hold, till you have given me some kind assurance that I shall see you

again, and speedily. Egad, I'll have one out of the family, at least! [*Aside.*]

Lady S. Oh, good! here's company.

At. Oh, do not rack me with delays, but quick—before this dear short-lived opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me. To part with this soft white hand's ten thousand daggers to my heart [*Kissing it eagerly.*

Lady S. Oh, lud—I am going home this minute, and if you should offer to dog my chair, I protest I—was ever such usage? Lord—sure—oh—follow me down, then.

[*Exeunt* L. H,

Re-enter SYLVIA *and* CLARINDA, R. H.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, madam—but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. You don't believe me, then?

Syl. I do believe, that when some women are inclined to like a man, nothing more palpably discovers it than their railing at him. Ha, ha! Your pardon, cousin—you know you laughed at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The occasion's quite different, madam—I hate him. And, once more I tell you, you're imposed on. He's a Colonel of Foot—his regiment's now in Spain, and his name is Standfast.

Syl. But pray, good cousin, whence had you this intelligence of him?

Clar. From the same place that you had your false account, madam—his own mouth.

Syl. Aye. Pray when?

Clar. This day seven night.

Syl. Where?

Clar. In the next room.

Syl. How came you to see him there?

Clar. Because there was company in this.

Syl. What was his business with you?

Clar. Much about the same as his business with you: Love!

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, madam! Lord! What am I? Old! or a monster? Is it so prodigious that a man should like me?

Syl. No; but I'm amazed to think if he had liked you, he should leave you so soon for me.

Clar. For you! Leave me for you? No, madam, I did not tell you that neither. Ha, ha! [*Crosses* C.]

Syl. No. What made you so violently angry with him,

then? Indeed, cousin, you had better take some other fairer way—this artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a friend, prove him to be what you say he is, and my engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, madam, not but I slight the tenderest of her addresses; but to convince you that my vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the name of Colonel Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time. If these appear two different men, I think our dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've said of him to your face, I'll make you a very humble curtsey, and beg your pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your ladyship the same reverence, and beg yours. [*They go up,*]

Enter CLERIMONT, L. H.

Clar. Psha! he here!

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good company, madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good company, sir.

Cler I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your ease at too high a rate to disturb it. [*Going.*]

Syl. Nay, Mr. Clerimont, upon my word, you sha'n't stir Hark you——[*Whispers*] Your pardon, cousin

Clar. I must not lose him neither. Mr. Clerimont's way is, to be severe in his construction of people's meaning.

Syl. I'll write my letter, and be with you, cousin. [*Exit* R.

Cler. It was always my principle, madam, to have an humble opinion of my merit: when a woman of sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always received with a smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary opinion of one's merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to fact, madam. For these ten days past I have had no distinction, but a severe reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your good-humour, and while I see you gay to all the world but me, I can't but be a little concerned at the change.

Clar. If he has discovered the Colonel, now, I'm undone—he could not meet him, sure. I must humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere temper, Mr. Clerimont, I own, don't always meet with the usage they deserve—but women are giddy things; and had we no errors to answer for, the use of good nature in a lover would be lost. Vanity is our inherent weakness. You must not chide if we are sometimes fonder of your passions than your prudence.

Cler. This friendly condescension makes me more your slave than ever! Oh, yet be kind, and tell me. Have I been tortured with a groundless jealousy?

Clar. Let your own heart be judge—but don't take it ill if I leave you now: I have some earnest business with my cousin Sylvia. But to-night, at my Lady Dainty's, I'll make you amends. You'll be there?

Cler. I need not promise you.

Clar. Your servant. [*Aside.*] Ah, how easily is poor Sincerity imposed on! Now, for the Colonel! [*Exit* R. H.

Cler. This unexpected change of humour more stirs my jealousy than all her late severity. I'll watch her close.

For she that from a just reproach is kind,
Gives more suspicion of her guilty mind,
And throws her smiles, like dust, to strike the lover blind.

[*Exit* R. H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

Lady Dainty's Apartment. A Table, with Vials, Gallipots. Glasses, &c.

LADY DAINTY, L. H. *and* SITUP, *her* Woman, *discovered.*

Lady D. Situp! Situp!

Sit Madam!

Lady D. Thou art strangely slow. I told thee the hartshorn! I have the vapours to that degree———

Sit. If your ladyship would take my advice, you should e'en fling your physic out of the window; if you were not in perfect health in three days, I'd be bound to be sick for you!

Lady D. Peace, Goody Impertinence! I tell thee, no woman of quality is, or should be, in perfect health. Huh! huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in health, is as vulgar as to be always in humour, and would equally betray one's want of wit and breeding. Where are the fellows?

Sit. Here, madam!

Enter two Footmen, L. H.

Lady D. Cæsar, run to my Lady Roundsides; desire to know how she rested—and tell her the violence of my cold is abated. Huh! huh! Pompey, step you to my Lady Killchairman's; give my service. Say, I have been so embarrassed with the spleen all this morning—that I am under the greatest uncertainty in the world, whether I shall be able to stir out or no. And, d'ye hear? desire to know

how my lord does, and the new monkey !

[*Exit* Footman, L. H.

Sit (*Aside.*) In my conscience, these great ladies make themselves sick to make themselves business : and are well or ill, only in ceremony to one another.

Lady D Where's t'other fellow ?

Sit. He is not returned yet, madam.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a strange lump, not fit to carry a disease to any body.

Sit. I wish your ladyship had not occasion to send for any, for my part———

Lady D. Thy part ! Pr'ythee, thou wert made of the rough masculine kind ;—'tis betraying our sex not to be sickly and tender. All the families I visit, have something derived to 'em from the elegant nice state of indisposition. You see, even in the men, a genteel (as if were) stagger, or twine of the bodies ; as if they were not yet confirmed enough for the rough laborious exercise of walking. Nay, even most of their diseases, you see, are not prophaned by the crowd. The apoplexy, the gout, and vapours, are all peculiar to the nobility. Huh huh ' and I could almost wish that colds were only our's : there's something in 'em so genteel—so agreeably disordering. Huh ! huh '

Sit. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for 'em. Your ladyship forgot the spleen.

Lady D. Oh ! my dear spleen. I grudge that even to some of us.

Sit. I knew an ironmonger's wife in this city that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady D. Foh ! what a creature hast thou named.—An ironmonger's wife have the spleen ! Thou mightest as well have said, her husband was a fine gentleman ; not but those wretches give themselves the air of following us in everything. They dress, game, visit, hate their husbands, keep chaplains, and go on as far as simple nature can. But then the creatures are so fond of noise, and merry-making, that the delicacy of the spleen can't bear their barbarity—and, therefore, never does 'em the honour to visit 'em I profess——I feel it while I commend it. Give me something.

Sit. Will your ladyship please to take any of the steel drops, or the bolus or the electuary, or——?

Lady D. This wench will smother me with questions. Huh, huh, bring any of them. These healthy sluts are so boisterous they split one's brains ; I fancy myself in an inn while she talks to me. I must have some decayed

person of quality about me, for the commons of England are the strangest creatures—huh, hnh!

Enter Servant, L. H..

Serv. Mrs. Sylvia, madam, is come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady D. Desire her to walk in; let the physic alone. I'll take a little of her company, she's mighty good for the spleen.

Enter SYLVIA, L. H.

Syl. Dear Lady Dainty.

Lady D. My good creature, I'm overjoyed to see you—huh, huh!

Syl I am sorry to see your ladyship wrapt up thus, I was in hopes to have had your company to the India House.

Lady D. If anything could tempt me abroad it would be that place and such agreeable company. But how came you, dear Sylvia, to be reconciled to anything in an Indian house? you used to have a most barbarous inclination for our own odious manufactures.

Syl. Nay, madam, I am only going to recruit my tea-table; as tot he rest of their trumpery I am as much out of humour with it as ever

Lady D. How can a woman of taste, as you are, be pleased with anything that's common? There is a peculiar air in everything that's foreign.

Syl. I fancy your ladyship hates your own country as some women do their husbands, only for being too near them.

Lady D. And is not that a very good reason? for don't you find it holds from most husbands to their wives too? I hate anything that's to be had like a pound of sugar at every grocer's, and would no more have my equipage in an English dress than of an English birth or education.

Syl. Now I think our own habits and servants are as proper and useful as any.

Lady D. Useful! Oh, deplorable! what a tradesman's reason, my dear, do you give? How insipid would life be if we had nothing about us but what was necessary? Can you suppose so many women of quality would run mad after monkeys, squirrels, paroquets, and Dutch dogs, but that they are of no manner of use in the world!

Syl. Now for that reason I like none of them all.

Lady D. How! why are you not struck with the magnificence of a foreign equipage—as Swiss porters, French

cooks and footmen, Italian singers, Turkish coachmen and Indian pages?

Syl. Very geographical indeed.

Lady D. Does not my Lord Outside's touch you?

Syl. It did surprise me at first, I own; for his frightful blackamoor coachman with his flat nose and great silver collar made me fancy they had dressed up a Dutch mastiff, and I expected every minute to hear him bark at his horses.

Lady D. Well, thou art a pleasant creature, thy distaste is so diverting

Syl. And your ladyship is so expensive that really I am not able to come into it.

Lady D. Now 'tis to me prodigious how some women can muddle away their money upon housewifery, children, books and charities, when there are so many well-bred ways and foreign curiosities that more elegantly require it. I have every morning the rarities of all countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see. Are the people come yet, Situp?

Sit. They have been below, madam, this half hour.

Lady D. Dispose them here and we'll be back presently.

[*Exit* Sit., L.

Syl. How can your ladyship take such pleasure in being cheated with the baubles of other countries?

Lady D. Thou art a very infidel to all finery.

Syl. And you a very bigot.

Lady D. A person of all reason and no complaisance.

Syl. And your ladyship all complaisance and no reason.

[*Exeunt*, R.

Re-enter SITUP, L, *a* Woman *with Chinaware, an* Indian-man *with screens, tea, &c., a* Birdman *with a paroquet, monkey, &c., an* Armenian *with jewellery.*

Sit. Come—come into this room.

Woman. I hope your ladyship's lady won't be long a coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you. It seems you trade with the ladies for old clothes, and give 'em China for their gowns and petticoats. I'm like to have a fine time on it with such creatures as you indeed.

Woman. Alas! madam, I'm but a poor woman, and am forced to do anything to live. Will your ladyship be pleased to accept of a piece of China?

Sit Poh! no—I don't care. Though I must needs say you look like an honest woman. [*Looks on it.*]

Woman. Thank you, good madam.

Sit. Our places are likely to come to a fine pass indeed,

if our ladies must buy their China with our perquisites. At this rate my lady sha'n't have an old fan, or a glove, but——

Woman. Pray, madam, take it?

Sit. No, not I—I won't have it, especially without a saucer to it. Here, take it again.

Woman. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly. Come, give it me—give it me, here's my lady.

Enter LADY DAINTY *and* SYLVIA, L.

Lady D. Well, my dear, is not this a pretty sight now?

Syl. It's better than so many doctors and apothecaries, indeed.

Lady D. All trades must live, you know, and those no more than these could subsist if the world were all wise or healthy.

Syl. I'm afraid our real diseases are but few to our imaginary, and doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

Lady D. My dear, you're allowed to say anything—but now I must talk with the people. Have you got anything there?

Wom.
Ind.
Arm.
Bird. } An't please your ladyship.

Lady D. One at once.

Bird. I have brought your ladyship the finest monkey.

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

Lady D. I now think he looks very humourous and agreeable. I vow, in a white perriwig he might do mischief. Could he but talk, and take snuff, there's ne'er a fop in town would go beyond him.

Syl. Most fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, makes 'em very often worse company than monkeys.

Lady D. Thou pretty little picture of man! How very Indian he looks! I could kiss the dear creature!

Syl. Ah, don't touch him—he'll bite.

Bird. No, madam—he is the tamest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

Lady D. Then take him away—I won't have him; for mischief is the wit of a monkey, and I would not give a farthing for one that would not break me three or four pounds worth of china in a morning. Oh, I am in love with these Indian figures! Do but observe what an innocent natural simplicity there is in all the actions of 'em.

Wom. These are pagods, madam, that the Indians worship.

Lady D. So far I am an Indian.

Syl. Now to me they are all monsters.

Lady D. Profane creature! I would fain buy some of the Armenians; but amber necklaces are such odd things; they are the only people that come so far, and bring no rarities with 'em, Oh, here, Situp shall wear one.

Sit. Lord! Dear madam, I shall make such a figure, people will think I am going to dine with my Lady Mayoress.

Wom. Is your ladyship for a piece of right Flanders lace?

Lady D. Um—no. I don't care for it, now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your ladyship be pleased to have a pound of fine tea?

Lady D. What, filthy odious Bohea, I suppose?

Ind. No, madam, right Kappakawawa.

Lady D. Well, there's something in the very sound of that name, that makes it irresistible. What is't a pound?

Ind. But six guineas, madam

Lady D. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all.

Sit. Take the man in and pay him, and let the rest call again to-morrow.

Omnes. Bless your ladyship!

[*Exeunt all but* Lady D. *and* Sylvia, L. H.

Lady D. Lord! how feverish I am! the least motion does so disorder me. Do but feel me.

Syl. No really, I think you are in very good temper.

Lady D. Burning, indeed, child.

Enter Servant, Doctor, *and* Apothecary, L. H. *with Basket, ond Vials in paper,*

Serv. Madam, here's Doctor Bolus and the apothecary.

Lady D. Oh, doctor, I'm glad you're come. One is not sure of a moment's life without you.

Bol. How did your ladyship rest, madam. [*Feels her pulse.*]

Lady D. Never worse, indeed, doctor. I once fell into a little slumber, indeed, but then was disturbed by the most odious frightful dream, that if the fright had not wakened me, I had certainly perished in my sleep with the apprehension.

Bol A certain sign of a disordered brain, madam; but I'll order something that shall compose your ladyship.

Lady D. Mr. Rhubarb, I must quarrel with you. You don't disguise your medicines enough—they taste all physic.

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the success, madam

Lady D. I don't care what is offended, so my taste is n

Bol. (*Aside.*) Hark you, Mr Rhubarb, withdraw the medicine rather than not make it pleasant. I'll find a reason for the want of its success.

Rhub. (*Aside.*) But, sir, if we don't look about us, she'll grow well upon our hands.

Bol. Never fear that—she's too much a woman of quality to dare to be well without her doctor's opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drained the whole catalogue of diseases already, there is not another left to put in her head.

Bol. Then I'll make her go 'em over again.

Enter CARELESS, L. H.

Care. So—here's the old levee! Doctor and apothecary in close consultation. Now will I demolish the quack and his medicines before her face. Mr. Rhubarb, your servant—pray what have you got in your hand there?

Rhub. Only a julep, and composing draught for my lady, sir.

Care. Have you so, sir? Pray let me see. I'll prescribe to-day. Doctor, you may go—the lady shall take no physic at present but me———

Bol. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——[*Breaks the vials, by throwing them in basket*]

Lady D. Ah———[*Frighted, and leaning upon* Sylvia. Doctor *and* Apothecary *run off* L. H.—Careless *throws the basket after them.*]

Care. You see, madam, what pains I take to come into your favour.

Lady D. You take a very preposterous way I can tell you, sir.

Care. I can't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I endeavour right, for I study every morning new impertinence to entertain you. For since I find nothing but dogs, doctors, and monkies, are your favourites, it's very hard if your ladyship won't admit me as one of the number.

Lady D. When I find you of an equal merit with my monkey, you shall be in the same state of favour. I confess, as a proof of your wit, you have done me as much mischief here. But you have not half Pugg's judgement, nor his spirit—for that creature will do a world of pleasant things, without caring whether one likes 'em or not

Care. Why, truly, madam, the little gentleman, my rival, I believe, is much in the right on't; and if you observe, I have taken as much pains of late to disoblige as to please you.

Lady D. You succeed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I am glad on't; for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what would you do for a pretence to be chagrin, to faint, have the spleen, the vapours, and all those modish disorders, that so nicely distinguish a woman of quality?

Lady D. I am perfectly confounded! Certainly there are some people too impudent for our resentment.

Care. Modesty's a starving virtue, madam, an old threadbare fashion of the last age, and would sit as oddly upon a lover now as a picked beard and mustachios.

Lady D. Most astonishing.

Care. I have tried sighing and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do—nay, had you had as little wit as good nature, should have proceeded to dance and sing. Tell me but how, what face or form can worship you, and behold your votary.

Lady D. Not, sir, as the Persians do the sun, with your face towards me. The best proof you can give me of your horrid devotion is never to see me more. Come, my dear.

[*Exit with* Sylvia, R. H.

Syl. I'm amazed so much assurance should not succeed.

[*Exit*, R. H.

Care. All this shan't make me out of love with my virtue. Impudence has ever been a successful quality, and 'twould be hard indeed if I should be the first that did not thrive by it.

Exit, R. H.

SCENE II.—*Clerimont's Lodgings.*

Enter ATALL R. H. *and* FINDER *his man.*

At. You are sure you know the house again?

Fin Ah, as well as I do the upper gallery, sir. 'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's at the Two Glass Lanthorns, within three doors of my Lord Duke's.

At. Very well, sir; then take this letter, inquire for my Lady Sadlife's woman, and stay for an answer.

[*Crosses*, R. H

[*Exit*, L. H.

Fin Yes, sir.

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose pleasure in love without variety, as to pretend to be a keen sportsman without a good stable of horses.

Re-enter FINDER, L. H.

Fin. Sir, here are two letters for you.

At. Who brought 'em?

Fin. A couple of footmen, and they both desire an answer.

At. Bid 'em stay, and do you make haste where I ordered you.

Fin. Yes, sir. [*Exit*, L. H.

At. To Col. Standfast—that's Clarinda's hand. To Mr. Freeman—that must be my incognita. Ah, I have most mind to open this first: but if t'other malicious creature should have perverted her growing inclinations to me, 'twould put my whole frame in a trembling Hold, I'll guess my fate by degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it [*Reads* Clar. *letter.*] Um—um—um—ha! "To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's, at seven o'olock to night, and take no manner of notice of my late disowning myself to her." Something's at the bottom of all this—now to solve the riddle. [*Reads the other letter.*] "My cousin Clarinda has told some things of you, that very much alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my belief of 'em till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at seven this evening." The devil! the same place! "As you value the real friendship of your incognita." So now the riddle's out, the rival queens are fairly come to a reference, and one or both of 'em I must lose, that's positive! Hard!

Enter CLERIMONT, L H.

Hard fortune! Now, poor impudence, what will become of thee? O, Clerimont, such a complication of adventures since I saw thee, such sweet hopes, fears, and unaccountable difficulties, sure never poor dog was surrounded with.

Cler. O, you are an industrious person, you'll get over 'em. But pray let's hear.

At. To begin then in the climax of my misfortunes. In the first place, the private lodgings that my incognita appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual habitation of my other mistress, whom, to complete the blunder of my ill luck, she civilly introduced in person to recommend me to her better acquaintance.

Cler. Ha, ha! Death, how could you stand 'em both together?

At. The old way. Buff! I stuck like a burr to my name of Freeman, addressed my incognita before the other's face, and with a most unmoved good breeding, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her in my life before.

Cler. The prettiest modesty I ever heard of. Well, but how did they discover you at last?

At. Why, faith, the matter's yet in suspence; and I find by both their letters that they don't yet well know what to think. But to go on with my luck, you must know they have since both appointed me, by several names, to meet

'em at one and the same place at seven o'clock this evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And, lastly, to crown my fortune, as if the devil himself most triumphantly rode a straddle upon my ruin, the fatal place of their appointment happens to be the very house of a third lady with whom I made an acquaintance since morning, and had just before sent word I would visit near the same hour this evening.

Cler. O, murder! poor Atall, thou art really fallen under the last degree of compassion.

At. And yet with a little of thy assistance, in the middle of all their small shot, I don't still despair of holding my head above water.

Cler. Death! but you can't meet 'em both, you must lose one of 'em unless you can split yourself.

At. Pr'ythee don t suspect my courage or modesty, for I'm resolved to go on if you stand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very curiosity would make me do that—but what can I do?

At. You must appear for me upon occasion in person.

Cler. With all my heart. What else?

At. I shall want a queen's messenger in my interest, or rather one that can personate one.

Cler. That's easily found,—but what to do?

Cler. Come along, and I'll tell you, for first I must answer their letters.

At. Thou art an original, faith! [*Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE III.—*Sir Solomon Sadlife's House. Table and writing materials. Chairs. Side Tables against* F., R. & L

Enter SIR SOLOMON SADLIFE *leading* LADY SADLIFE, *and* WISHWELL, *her* Woman, D. 2 E, L. H.

Sol. There, madam, let me have no more of these airings—no good, I'm sure, can keep a woman five or six hours abroad in a morning.

Lady S. You deny me all the innocent freedoms of life.

Sol. Ha! you have the modish cant of this end of the town, I see. Intriguing, gaming, gadding, and party quarries with a murrain to 'em, are innocent freedoms, forsooth!

Lady S. I don't know what you mean. I'm sure I have not one acquaintance in the world that does an ill thing.

Sol. They must be better looked after than your ladyship, then; but I'll mend my hand as fast as I can. Do you look to your reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your person

Lady S. You wrong my virtue with these unjust suspicions.

Sol. No matter for that. Better I wrong it than you. I'll secure my doors for this day at least. [*Exit* D. 2 L. H.

Lady S. Oh, Wishwell—what shall I do?

Wish. What's the matter, madam?

Lady S. I expect a letter from a gentleman every minute, and if it should fall into Sir Solomon's hands, I'm ruined past redemption,

Wish. He won't suspect it, madam, sure, if they are directed to me, as they used to be.

Lady S. But his jealousy's grown so violent of late there's no trusting to it now. If he meets it, I shall be locked up for ever!

Wish. Oh, dear madam—I vow your ladyship frights me. Why, he'll kill me for keeping counsel.

Lady S. Run to the window—quick, and watch the messenger. [*Exit* Wishwell, L. H. D.] Ah! there's my ruin near. I feel it. [*A knocking at the door.*] What shall I do? Be very insolent—or very humble, and cry? I have known some women upon these occasions out-strut their husband's jealousy, and make 'em ask pardon for finding 'em out.—Oh, lud! here he comes. I can't do't—my courage fails me I must even stick to my handkerchief, and trust to nature. [*Goes up to* R. H]

Re-enter SIR SOLOMON, *taking a letter from* Finder, L. H. D.

Sol. Sir, I shall make bold to read this letter; and if you have a mind to save your bones, there's your way out.

Fin. Oh, terrible! I sha'n't have a whole one in my skin when I come home to my master. [*Exit* L. D.

Lady S. (*Aside.*) I'm lost for ever!

Sol. (*Reads.*) "Pardon, most divine creature, the impatience of my heart"—Very well, these are her innocent freedoms Ah, cockatrice! "Which languishes for an opportunity to convince you of its sincerity"—Oh, the tender, infernal scoundrel!—"which nothing could relieve but the sweet hope of seeing you this evening." Poor lady, whose virtue I have wronged with unjuet suspicions.

Lady S. I'm ready to sink with apprehension!

Sol. "To-night, at seven expect your dying Strephon." Die and be damned! I could find in my heart to ram his impudent letter into her windpipe! Ha! what's this?—"To Mrs Wishwell, my Lady Sadlife's woman" Ad, I m glad of it, with all my heart! What a happy thing 'tis to have one's jealousy disappointed Now, have I been cursing my poor wife for the mistaken wickedness of that trollop!

'Tis well I kept my thoughts to myself, for the virtue of a wife when wrongfully accused, is most unmercifully insolent. Come, I'll do a great thing,—I'll kiss her, and make her amends. What's the matter, my dear? has anything frighted you? [Wishwell *appears listening.*]

Lady S. (R.) Nothing but your hard usage.

Sol. Come, come, dry thy tears—it shall be so no more. But, harkye! I have made a discovery here. Your Wishwell, I'm afraid, is a slut! She has an intrigue.

Lady S. An intrigue? Heavens, in our family!

Sol. Read there. I wish she be honest.

Lady S. How! if there be the least ground to think it, Sir Solomon, positively she sha'n't stay a minute in the house: impudent creature! Have an affair with a man!

Sol. But hold, my dear! don't let your virtue censure too severely neither.

Lady S. I shudder at the thoughts of her.

Sol. Patience, I say! how do you know but his courtship may be honourable?

Lady S That, indeed, requires some pause.

Wish. (L) So, all safe, I see. He thinks the letter's to me. Oh, good madam, that letter was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, sir, how you could serve one so. If my sweetheart should hear you had opened it, I know he would not have me—so he would not.

Sol. Never fear that; for if he's in love with you, he's too much of a fool to value being laughed at.

Lady S. If it be yours, here take your stuff; and next time bid him take better care than to send his letters so publicly.

Wish. Yes, madam; but now your ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the honour of Sir Solomon to answer it for me, for I can't write.

Lady S. Not write!

Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose, for he calls her divine creature. A pretty piece of divinity, truly! But come, my dear. Egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's paper—you shall do it.

Lady S. Sir Solomon! Lord, I won't write to fellows, not I.

Sol. Nay, you shall do it! Come, 'twill get her a good husband———

Wish (R.) Aye—pray good madam, do.

Sol. Ah, how eager the jade is!

Lady S. I can't tell how to write to anybody but you, my dear.

Sol. Well, well, I'll dictate then. Come, begin——

Lady S. Lord! this is the oddest fancy. [*Sits to write* R.]

Sol. Come, come. "Dear sir," (for we'll be as loving as he for his ears.)

Wish. No, pray, madam—begin "Dear honey, or my dearest angel!"

Lady S. Out, you fool! you must not be so fond. "Dear sir," is very well. [*Writes.*]

Sol. Aye, aye so 'tis; but these fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed—but pr'ythee, Wishwell, what is thy lover? for the style of his letter may serve for a countess.

Wish. Sir, he's but a butler at present; but he's a good schollard, as you may see by his hand writing; and in time may come to be a steward, and then we sha'n't be long without a coach, sir.

Lady S. "Dear sir"—what must I write next?

Sol. Why——[*Musing.*]

Wish. "Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing."

Sol. You puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wish. I'm sure my mother used to begin all her letters so.

Sol. And thou art every inch of thee her own daughter, that I'll say for thee.

Lady S. Come, I have done't [*Reads.*] "Dear sir, she must have very little merit that is insensible of yours."

Sol. Very well, 'faith! write all yourself.

Wish. Aye, good madam, do—that's better than mine. But pray, dear madam, let it end with—"So I rest your dearest loving friend till death us do part."

Lady S. (*Aside.*) This absurd slut will make me laugh out.

Sol. But, hark you, hussy. Suppose now you should be a little scornful and insolent to shew your breeding, and a little ill-natured in it to shew your wit.

Wish. Aye, sir, that is if I designed him for my gallant: but since he is to be my husband, I must be very good-natured and civil before I have him, and huff him and shew my wit after.

Sol. Here's a jade for you! [*Aside.*] But why must you huff your husband, hussey?

Wish. Oh, sir, that's to give him a good opinion of my virtue; for you know, sir, a husband can't think one could be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sol. 'Sbud! this fool, in my conscience, speaks the sense of the whole sex! [*Aside.*]

Wish. Then, sir, I have been to'd that a husband loves one the bet'er the more one hectors him, as a spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sol Hah, thy husband will have a blessed time on't.

Lady S. So, I have done.

Wish. Oh, pray, madam, read it.

Lady S. (Reads.) "Dear sir, she must have very little merit that is insensible of yours; and while you continue to love, and tell me so, expect whatever you can hope from so much wit and such unfeigned sincerity. At the hour you mention you will be truly welcome to your passionate ——"

Wish. Oh, madam, it is not half kind enough, pray put in some more dears.

Sol. Ay, ay, sweeten it well, let it be all syrup, with a plague to her.

Wish. Every line should have a dear sweet sir in it, so it should. He'll think I don't love him else.

Sol. Poor Moppet!

Lady S. No, no, 'tis better now Well, what must be at the bottom to answer Strephon?

Sol. Pray let her divine ladyship sign Abigail

Wish. No' pray madam, put down Lispamintha.

Sol. Lispamintha!

Lady S. No, come—I'll write Celia. Here, go in, and seal it.

Sol. Ay, come. I'll lend you a wafer, that he mayn't wait for your divinityship.

Wish. Psha! you always flout one so.

[*Exit* Sir Sol. *and* Wish. 2 E. L. D.

Lady S. So—this is luckily over. Well, I see a woman should never be discouraged from coming off at the greatest plunge; for, though I was half dead with the fright, yet now I'm a little recovered, I find———

That apprehension does the bliss endear—
The real danger's nothing to the fear. [*Exit* R. H.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir Solomon's House.*

Enter LADY SADLIFE, ATALL, *and* WISHWELL, *with lights,* L. H. D. *She places on table against* F.

Lady S. This room, I think, is pleasanter If you please we'll sit here, sir. Wishwell, shut the door, and take the key o'th'inside, and set chairs.

Wish. Yes, madam. [Wish. *sets chairs.*]

Lady S. Lard, sir! what a strange opinion you must have of me, for receiving your visits upon so slender an acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger opinion, madam, of your ordering your servant to lock herself in with us.

Lady S. Oh, you would not have us wait upon ourselves.

At Really, madam, I can't conceive that two lovers alone have much occasion for attendance [*They sit.*]

Lady S. Lovers! lard, how you talk! Can't people converse without that stuff?

At. Um—yes, madam, people may; but without a little of that stuff, conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

Lady S. Pooh! why, we can say anything without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay, but you might have let her wait without when she was out.

Lady S. You are pretty hard to please, I find, sir. Some men, I believe, would think themselves well us'd in so free a reception as yours.

At. Ha, I see how it is—so I'll e'en put her out of humour, that I may get off in time to my incognita. [*Aside.*] Really, madam, I can never think myself free, where my hands and my tongue are tied. [*Pointing to* Wishwell.]

Lady S. Your conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, sir.

At. With submission, madam, I think it very proper for the place we are in. If you had sent for me only to sip tea, to sit still, and be civil, with my hat under my arm, like a strange relation from Ireland, or so, why was I brought hither with so much caution and privacy?

Lady S. Suppose I had a favourable thought of you, does that give you a title to treat me as if it was not in my power to refuse you anything?

At. Come, madam, I'll be plain with you. I would not have you think me ignorant of all the tenderest forms that ought to approach a lady's favours; but when a woman breaks the seeming promise of her eyes, wit me she loses all pretence to 'em. Your woman's being with us is ridiculous! I had a lover's honest reason to expect you here alone; but she that thinks to make me dance attendance to her pride, let me tell you madam, in very concise terms, that woman si most consumedly mistaken.

Lady S You have a very odd way of treating people; You men are the strangest creatures. Is there no such thing as patience in your composition?

At. O yes, madam, abundance; for if you please but to

order mademoiselle to get the tea ready, to boil it a great while, and stay till it is done, you shall find I can yet change the air of my approaches.

Lady S. I don't know how to make her do any such thing, not I. Lard! she knows I have had tea just now.

At. I have not—and so your humble servant, madam.

Lady S. Hold!

At. Really, madam, I cannot stay: and if your ladyship's tea is not ready, I must beg leave to take a dish at the coffee house. [Sir Solomon *knocks at the door* 2 E. L. H.]

Wish. Oh, heavens! my master, madam.

Sol. (*Within.*) Open the door, there!

Lady S. What shall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm sure.

Lady S. Open the door, and say the gentleman came to you.

Wish. Oh lud, madam! I shall never be able to manage it at so short a warning. We had better shut the gentleman into the closet, and say he came to nobody at all.

Lady S. In, in then—for mercy's sake! Quickly, sir!

At. So, this is like to be a very pretty business!

[*Enters the Closet* L. H. F

Wish. Do you step into your bed-chamber, madam, and leave my master to me. [*Exit* Lady S., D. F. R. H. Wishwell *opens the door, &c.* D 2 E L. H.]

Enter SIR SOLOMON SADLIFE, D. 2 E L. H.

Sol. What's the reason, mistress, I am to be locked out of my wife's apartment?

Wish. Sir, my lady was dressing, and—so, and so, I could not come any sooner.

Sol. I'm sure I heard a man's voice. [*Aside.*] Bid your lady come here. [*Exit* Wishwell, D. 2 E R H.] He must be hereabouts. 'Tis so—all's out, all's over now. The devil has done his worst, and I am disgraced in spite of my wisdom. S'bud! now an Italian would poison his wife for this Spaaniard would stab her, and a Turk would cut off her head with a scimitar; but a poor dog of an Englishman now, can only squabble, and call names. Hold! here she comes—I must smother my jealousy, that her guilt mayn't be upon its guard.

Enter LADY SADLIFE *and* WISHWELL, D. F R. H.

Sol. My dear, how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

Lady S I did not expect you home so soon, my dear.

Sol. Poor rogue! I don't believe you did, with a plague to you. [*Aside.*] Wishwell, go down—I have business with your lady.

Wish. Yes, sir—but I'll watch you, for I'm afraid this good humour has mischief at the bottom of it. [*Retires* L. D.

Lady S. I scarce know whether he's jealous or not.

Sol. Now dare not I go near that closet door, lest the murderous dog should poke a hole in my gizzard through the key-hole. Hum! I have an odd thought in my head—aye, and that will discover the whole of the affair.—'Tis better to seem not to know one's dishonour, when one has not courage enough to revenge it.

Lady S. I don't like his looks, methinks.

Sol. Odso! what have I forgot now. Pr'ythee, my dear, step into my study, (for I am so weary); and in the uppermost parcel of letters, you'll find one that I received from Yorkshire to-day, in the scrutoire; bring it down, and some paper. I will answer it while I think on't.

Lady S. If you please to lend me your key—but had not you better write in your study, my dear?

Sol. No, no: I tell you I am so tired, I am not able to walk. There, make haste!

Lady S. Would all were well over! [*Exit* Lady S. R. H. D.

Sol. 'Tis so by her eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a man of honour in this business, I'll at least act like a person of prudence and penetration. For say, I should clap a brace of slugs now into the very bowels of this rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me [Wishwell *watching at* R. D. F.] No, I'll e'en put out the candles, and in a soft, gentle wanton's voice, desire the gentleman to walk about his business; and if I can get him out before my wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty in the dark, I'll humour the cheat 'till I draw her into some casual confession of the fact; and then this injured 'front shall bounce upon her, like a thunderbolt! [*Puts out the candles.*]

Wish. (*Behind.*) Say you so, sir? I'll take care my lady shall be provided for you. [*Exit* R. H.

Sol. Hist! hist! Sir! sir!

Enter ATALL *from the Closet*, L. D. F.

At. Is all clear? May I venture, madam?

Sol. Aye, aye! quick—quick! make haste before Sir Solomon returns. A strait backed dog, I warrant him,—[*Aside.*] But when shall I see you again?

At. Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an opportunity.

Sol. Ha! then 'tis possible I may n't yet be disgraced after all.

At. Is this the door?

Sol. Aye—aye, away! [*Exit* Atall, 2 E. L. H.] So, now the danger of being murdered is over; I find my courage returns; and if I catch my wife but inclining to be no better than she should be, I'm not sure that blood won't be the consequence. [*He goes into the closet,* D. F *and* Wishwell *enters* R. H.]

Wish. So, my lady has her cue: and, if my wise master can give her no better proofs of his penetration than this, she'd be a greater fool than he, if she should not do just as she pleases. Sir, sir! Come, you may come out now, Sir Solomon's gone.

Enter SIR SOLOMON SADLIFE, *from the Closet,* D. F.

Sol. So, now for a soft speech to set her impudent blood in a ferment, and then let it out with my penknife. [*Aside.*] Come, dear creature, now let's make the kindest use of our opportunity.

Wish. Not for the world! if Sir Solomon should come again, I should be ruined! Pray be gone. I'll send to you to-morrow.

Sol. Nay, now you love me not. You would not let me pass else thus.

Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such hazards for you.

Sol. Fond Jezabel! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your tenderness for him.

Wish. Oh, ridiculous! How can so sad a wretch give you the least uneasy thought? I loathe the very sight of him.

Sol. Damned, deceitful baggage! I can bear no longer.—Lights! lights! within there. [*Siezes her*]

Wish. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this? Help! Murder!

Sol. No, traitoress! don't think to 'scape me, for now I've trapped thee in thy guilt I could find in my heart to have thee fleaed alive—thy skin stuffed, and hung up in the middle of Guildhall, as a terrible example to the whole City.—Light there!

Enter LADY SADLIFE, *with a light,* R. R.

Lady S. Oh, heavens! what's the matter? [Sir Solomon *looks astonished.*] Ha! what do I see? my servant on her knees, and Sir Solomon offering rudeness to her. Oh, I can't bear it. Oh!—[*Falls into a chair places candles on table.*

Sol. What has the devil been doing here? [*Pushes* Wishwell *down,*]

Lady S. This the reward of all my virtue. Oh, revenge! revenge!

Sol. My dear! my good, virtuous, injured dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked doings.

Lady S. Oh, torture! do you own it, too? 'tis well my love protects you. But for this wretch—this monster! this sword shall do me justice on her. [*Attempts to draw* Sir Solomon's *sword.*]

Sol. Oh, hold! my poor mistaken dear! This horrid jade (the gods can tell) is innocent for me; but she has had it seems, a strong dog in the closet here, which I suspecting, put myself into his place, and had almost trapped them together.

Wish. (*Kneeling*) Dear madam, I hope your ladyship will pardon the liberty I took in your absence, in bringing my lover into your ladyship's chamber; but I did not think you would come home so soon, and so I was forced to hide him in that closet; but my master suspecting the business, it seems, turned him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether there was any harm between us; and so because he fancied———

Sol. Ay, my dear, and the jade was so confoundedly fond of me that I grew out of all patience, and fell upon her like a fury.

Lady S. Horrid creature! [*Crosses* R.] and does she think to stay a minute in the family after such impudence?

Sol. Hold, my dear, for if this should be the man that is to marry her——

Wish. Yes, it was he, indeed, madam.

Sol. (*Aside* C.) I must not let the jade be turned away, for fear she should put it in my wife's head that I hid myself to discover her ladyship, and then the devil would not be able to live in the house with her.

Wish. (*Aside to* Sol. L.) Now, sir, you know what I can tell of you.

Sol. Mum! it's a good girl, there's a guinea for you.

Lady S. (R.) Well, upon your intercession, my dear, I'll pardon her this fault; but pray, mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so disordered with this fright. Fetch my book. I'll endeavour to compose myself.

[*Exit* Lady S., D. *in* F. R. H. *and* Wish., L. H.

Sol. Aye, do so, that's my good dear. What two blessed escapes I have had, to find myself not wronged at last, and which had been equally terrible, my wife not know I wrongfully suspected her. Well, at length I am fully convinced of her virtue, and now if I can but cut off the abominable expence that attends some of her impertinence acquaintance, I shall shew myself a Machiavel.

Re-enter WISHWELL, L. H. D.

Wish Sir, here's Lady Dainty come to wait upon my lady.

Sol. I'm sorry for't, with all my heart. Why did you say she was within?

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was, but she's never denied to her. [*Exit* L. H. D.

Sol. Gad so! why then if you please to leave her ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

WISHWELL *brings in* LADY DAINTY, D. 2 E. L. H.

Lady D. Sir Solomon, your very humble servant.

Sol Yours, yours, madam.

Lady D. Where's my lady?

Sol. Where your ladyship very seldom is—at prayers.

Lady D. Huh, huh! you keep your old humour still I see, of endeavouring to speak home truths; but I think you commonly guess wrong, for you must know that I have bought me the prettiest Allas cushions with gold tassels on purpose to kneel upon.

Sol. Not unlikely, madam, you fine ladies have a great many fine things that you never use, for I don't remember I have seen you, or your cushions, at church these three weeks

Lady D. Never miss, never miss, if I am in any sort of condition to—huh, huh! endure the air; though indeed a Sunday is very apt to give one the spleen or the vapours; but if I am not there myself, I constantly send my woman to see how the fashions alter.

Sol. I cry your mercy, madam, I did not know that that was your mode-market day before.

Lady D. Sir, the greatest distinction of people of quality is, that they make everything easy to 'em.

Enter LADY SADLIFE, D. F. R H.

Lady S. My dear Lady Dainty! [*Down* C.]

Lady D. Dear madam, I am the happiest person alive in finding your ladyship at home.

Sol. So! now for a torrent of impertinence.

Lady S. Your ladyship does me a great deal of honour.

Lady D. I am sure I do myself a great deal of pleasure; I have made at least twenty visits to-day. Oh! I'm quite dead! not but my coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual motion—you know.

Sol. Ah, plague of your disorder. If I had the providing your equipage, ods-zooks, you should rumble to your visits in a wheelbarrow. [*Aside.*]

Lady S. Was you at my Lady Duchess?

Lady D. A little while.

Lady S. Had she a great circle?

Lady D. Extreme. I was not able to bear the breath of so much company.

Lady S. Pray who had you?

Lady D. Everybody. My Lady Toilet, Lady Patchit Mr. Peepers, Lady Whitewash, Mrs. Layton. Lady Steinkirk, both the mistress favourites, Lady Jumps, and the Duchess of Falbala.

Lady S. You did not dine there?

Lady D. Oh, I can touch anybody's dinner but my own, and I have almost killed myself this week for want of my usual glass of Tokay after my Ortolans, and Muscovy duck eggs.

Sol. Z'bud! if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you in a fortnight to neck-beef and a pot of plain bub.

Lady D. Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous city entertainment to-day at my Lady Cormorant's who knows no other happiness, or way of making on welcome, than eating or drinking. I was ready to swoon at the sight of her table, being just come out of the fresh air.

Lady S. Pray how was it filled, madam?

Lady D. At the upper end sat her ladyship, and at each elbow a daughter, with arms like ploughmen, freckled like Turkey eggs, and cheeks like Catherine pears—they were enough to beat one down with the coarse pores of their skin! Huh, huh!

Lady S. Oh, frightful! but pray go on.

Lady D. At the lower end was an unlicked thing, she called son, that sat all the while with his mouth gaping wide, not having from nature wit enough to fetch his breath through his nose.

Lady S. Ha, ha!

Lady D. The table or rather larder, was filled with hams, roasted pullets, and Turkey pies, with a great Cheshire cheese in the middle that rivalled every one in bulk but her ladyship, and a large tankard of strong beer, nutmeg and sugar, enough to fuddle a grand jury, or carry an interest at an election.

Lady S. A true English home-bred family.

Lady D. In every circumstance; for though she saw I was just fainting at her vast limbs of butchers' meat, yet the civil savage forced me to sit down, and heaped enough upon my plate to victual a fleet for an East-India voyage.

Lady S. How could you bear it?—ha, ha!

Sol. S'bud! I han't patience. Pray, madam, is it among the rules of your this end-of-the-town breeding, to laugh at your friends for making you heartily welcome!

Lady D. Sir Solomon, 'tis impossible to see the titles of quality joined with such mob dispositions, without easing one's spleen a little, And nothing distinguishes the commons so much as their gross feeding. I never knew a true Plebeian that had not an odious vast stomach—huh, huh!

Sol. Your ladyship knows the elegance of life.

Lady S. Does your ladyship never go to the play?

Lady D. Never, but when I bespeak it myself, and then not to mind the actors, for it's common to love sights. My great diversion is in a reposed posture to turn my eyes upon the galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy savages laugh, or when an aukward citizen crowds herself in among us, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to contemplate her airs and dress, and they never escape me, for I am ss apprehensive of such a creature's coming near me, as some people are when a cat is in the room. But the play is begun, I believe, and if your ladyship has an inclination, I'll wait upon you.

Lady S. I think, madam, we can't do better; and here comes Mr. Careless, most opportunely to squire us.

Sol. Careless! I don't know him, but my wife does, and that's as well.

Enter CARELESS, L. H. D.

Care. Ladies, your servant. Seeing your coach at the door, madam, made me not able to resist this opportunity to—to—you know, madam, there's no time to be lost in love. Sir Solomon, your servant——

Sol. Oh yours—yours, sir. A very impudent fellow, and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. The assurance of this creature almost grows divirting. All one can do can't make him the least sensible of a discouragement.

Lady S. Try what compliance will do—perhaps that may fright him.

Lady D. If it were not too dear a remedy, one would almost do anything to get rid of his company

Care. Which you never will till you marry me, depend upon't. Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sol. This fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. There's no depending upon your word, or else I might—for the last time I saw you, you told me then you would trouble me no more

Care. Ay, that's true, madam; but to keep one's word, you know, looks like a tradesman.

Sol. Impudent rogue But he'll have her! [*Aside.*]

Care. And is as much below a gentleman as paying one's debts.

Sol. If he is not hang'd first! [*Aside.*]

Care. Besides, madam, I considered that my absence might endanger your constitution, which is so very tender that nothing but love can save it, and so I would e'en advise you to throw away your juleps, your cordials, and lops, and take me at once.

Lady D. No, sir—bitter potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Care. Oh to choose, madam; for if you stand making of faces, and kicking against it, you'll but increase your aversion and delay the cure. Come, come—you must be advised. [*Pressing her.*]

Lady D. What mean you, sir?

Care. To banish all your ails, and be myself your universal medicine.

Sol. Well said—he'll have her!

Lady D. Impudent robust man! I protest, did not I know his family, I should think his parents had not lived in chairs and coaches, but had used their limbs all their lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be persuaded health is a great blessing. [*Aside.*]

Care. My limbs, madam, were conveyed to me from before the use of chairs and coaches, and it might lessen the dignity of my ancestors not to use them as they did.

Lady D. Was ever such a rude understanding! to value himself upon the barbarism of his forefathers. Indeed I have heard of kings that were bred to the plough, and I fancy you might descend from such a race, for you court as if you were behind one. Huh! huh! huh! To treat a woman of quality like an exchange wench, and express your passion with your arms. Unpolished man!

Care I was willing, madam, to take from the vulgar the only desirable thing among 'em, and shew you how they live so healthy, for they have no other remedy.

Lady D. A very rough medicine—huh! huh!

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so.

Lady D. Abandoned monster—oh! [*Struggling.*]

Sol. He has her! [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Leave the room, and see my face no more—[Careless *bows, and is going.*]—And hark ye, sir—no bribes, no mediations to my woman—[Careless *bows and sighs.*] Thou profligate! to hug—to clasp—to embrace, and throw your robust arms about me like a vulgar and indelicate——

Oh, I faint with apprehension of so gross an address. [*She faints, and* Careless *catches her.*]

Care. Oh, my offended fair!

Lady D. Inhuman monster! oh——[Careless *carries her off,* L. D.]

Sol. He has her! She's undone—he has her! [*Exit after them, with* Lady Sadlife.]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Sir Solomon's House.*

Enter CLARINDA *and* SYLVIA, R. H.

Cla Well, cousin, what do you think of your gentleman now?

Syl I fancy, madam, that would be as proper a question to ask you; for really I don't see any great reason to alter my opinion of him yet.

Cla. Now I could dash her at once, and shew it her under his own hand that his name's Standfast, and he'll be here in a quarter of an hour. Bnt let her go an a little. [*Aside.*]

Syl. Pray, cousin, have you any particular reason to be so cheerful?

Clar. You'll pardon me if I own a little of my sex's malice, my dear. For a woman that won't be convinced of the infidelity of her lover when her friend assures her of it from her own knowledge, is to me the most unfortunate figure in Nature. Ha, ha!

Syl. I have two or three lines in my pocket that would strangely damp this pertness, but I rather think it affected, and won't shew it till I am sure. [*Aside.*] Methinks, cousin, we need not either of us give ourselves any of these violent airs: for I fancy the gentleman's next appearance will extremely take down the vanity of one of us.

Clar. Ha, ha!—aye, aye, that it will, I'm positive.

Syl. You must certainly be deceived into some secret reason for your being so very positive.

Clar. Deceived, madam! If I had no reason but what's writ in my face, I fancy, with submission to your ladyship's beauty, that alone might justify my confidence.

Syl. Your face! And have you really no better security?

Clar. Better!—ha, ha! Yes, yes, I have a better, madam—I have your face. Look but in the honest glass, and tell me what I should be afraid on? Ha, ha, ha!

Syl No, madam, I need not do that; I remember enough of my face, to know it is not in any one charm like you, thanks to indulgent nature! [*Lifting up her hands and eyes.*]

Clar. Really, cousin, you have one quality I envy you

for; for to be extravagantly vain, is certainly the first state of happiness.

Syl Really I think so, too, and therefore won't undeceive your vanity, because 'twould be giving my friend too barbarous a mortification.

Clar. Well, we are strangely good-natured; for let me die, child, if I have not just the same tenderness for you.

Syl. Lard! how shall we do to requite one another?

Clar I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any service in my power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of countenance when the Colonel comes, I would advise you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own word for it, he will be here in three minutes, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*]

Syl. What's here? a letter from Colonel Standfast? Really, cousin, I have nothing to say to him. Mr. Freeman's the person I'm concerned for, and I expect to see him here in a quarter of an hour.

Cla. Then you don't believe them both the same person?

Syl. Not by their hands or style, I can assure you, as this may eonvince you. [*Gives a letter.*]

Clar. Ha! the hand is different, indeed! I scarce know what to think—and yet I'm sure my eyes were not deceived.

Syl. Come, cousin, let's be a little cooler. 'Tis not impossible but we may have both laughed at one another to no purpose, for I am confident they are two persons.

Clar. I can't tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of 'em. [*Crosses* C.]

Enter ATALL, *as* Colonel Standfast, L. H.

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are, 'faith!) bid the chariot set up, and call again about one or two in the morning. You see, madam, what 'tis to give an impudent fellow the least encouragement. I am now resolved now to make a night on't. I warrant you we will pass our time like gods. Two ladies and one man—the prettiest set of ombre in the universe. Come, come—cards, cards, cards and tea, that I insist upon.

Clar. Well, sir, if my cousin will make one, I won't balk your good-humour. [*Turning* Sylvia *to face him.*]

At. Is the lady your relation, madam? I beg the honour to be known to her.

Clar. Oh, sir—that I'm sure she can't refuse you. Cousin, this is Colonel Standfast. [Atall *crosses* C. Clarinda *laughs aside.*] I hope now she's convinced,

At. Your pardon, madam, if I am a little particular in my desire to be known to any of this lady's relations. [*Salute.*]

Syl. You'll certainly deserve mine, sir, by being always particular to that lady———

At. Oh, madam. [*Turns away,* L. H. *and sings.*] Tal lal!

Syl. This assurance is beyond example. [*Aside.*]

Clar. How do you do, cousin?

Syl. Beyond bearing—but not incurable. [*Aside.*]

Clar. (*Aside.*) Now can't I find in my heart to give him one angry word for his impudence to me this morning. The pleasure of seeing my rival mortified makes me strangely good-natured.

At. (*Turning familiarly to* Clarinda.] Upon my soul you are provokingly handsome to-day. Ay Gad! why is not it high treason for any beautiful woman to marry?

Clar. What, would you have us lead apes?

At. Not one of you, by all that's lovely! Death! what a hand is here? 'Gad, I shall grow foolish.

Clar. Stick to your assurance, and you are in no danger.

At. Why, then in obedience to your commands, pr'ythee answer me sincerely one question. How long do you really design to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why, really I can't just set you a time; but when you are weary of your service, come to me with a sixpence and modesty, and I'll give you a discharge.

At. Thou insolent, provoking, handsome tyrant!

At. (*Bowing to* Syl.) But we were talking of cards, ladies——

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuse me, I am a little unfit for play at this time.

At. What a valuable virtue is assurance! Now am I as intrepid as a lawyer at the bar. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Bless me!—you are not well?

Syl. I shall be presently. Pray, sir, [*Crosses,* c.] give me leave to ask you a question.

At So—now it's a coming. [*Aside*] Freely, madam.

Syl. Look on me well. Have you never seen my face before?

At. Upon my word, madam, I can't recollect that I have.

Syl. I'm satisfied, But if I'm not deceived, I'm miserable! [*Weeps.*]

At How her concern transports me!

Clar. Her fears have touched me, and half persuade me to revenge 'em! Come, cousin, be easy. I see you are convinced he is the same, and now I'll prove myself a friend.

Clar. Both our senses cannot be deceived : and I desire you would leave the house, and from this moment never see me more.

At. Madam! What, what is all this? Riddle me, riddle me re,

For the devil take me,
For ever from thee,
If I can divine what this riddle can be!

Syl. Hold, cousin! [*Crosses*, L. H.] one moment's patience. I'll send this minute again to Mr. Freeman, and if he does not immediately appear, the dispute will need no farther argument.

At. Mr. Freeman! Who the devil's he? What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll soon inform you, sir.

[*Going, meets* WISHWELL, *entering*, 2 E. L. H.

Wish. Madam, here's a footman mightily out of breath, says he belongs to Mr Freeman, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. Freeman! Pray bid him come in. [*Exit* Wishwell, 2 E. L.] What can this mean?

At. (*Aside.*) You'll see presently.

Re-enter WISHWELL *with* FINDER, L. H.

Clar. Ha!—

Sly. Come hither, friend. Do you belong to Mr. Freeman?

Fin. Yes, madam; and my poor master gives his humble service to your ladyship, and begs your pardon for not waiting on you according to his promise, which he would certainly have done but for an unfortunate accident.

Syl. What's the matter?

Fin. As he was coming out of his lodgings to pay his duty to you, madam, a parcel of fellows set upon him, and said they had a warrant against him; and so, because the rascals began to be saucy with him, and my master knowing he did not owe a shilling in the world, he drew to defend himself, and in the scuffle the villains run one of their swords quite through his arm; but the best of the jest was, madam, that as soon as they got him into a house, and sent for a surgeon, he proved to be the wrong person, for their warrant, it seems, was against a poor scoundrel that happens, they say, to be very like him, one Colonel Standfast

At. (*Down* L.) Say you so, Mr. Dog? If your master had been here, I would have given him as much. [*Gives him a box on the ear.*]

Fin. Oh, lord! Pray, madam, save me! I did not speak

word to the gentleman. Oh, the devil! this must be the devil in the likeness of my master.

Clar. I am startled!

Syl. Is this gentleman so very like him, say you?

Fin. Like, madam? Aye, as one box of the ear is to another; only I think, madam, my master's nose is a little, little higher.

At. Now, ladies, I presume the riddle's solved. Hark you! where is your master, rascal?

Fin. Master, rascal! Sir, my master's name's Freeman, and I'm a free born Englishman; and I must tell you, sir, that I don't use to take such arbitrary socks of the face from any man that does not pay me wages, and so my master will tell you too, when he comes, sir!

Syl. Will he be here, then?

Fin. This minute, madam—he only stays to have his wound dressed.

At. I'm resolved I'll stay that minute out, if he does not come till midnight! [*Crosses*, C.]

Find. A plague of his mettle! When his hand's in, he makes no difference between jest and earnest, I find. If he does not pay me well for this, 'egad he shall tell the next lie for himself [*Aside.*] Has your ladyship any commands to my master, madam?

Syl. Yes, pray give him my humble service—say I'm sorry for his misfortune, and if he thinks 'twill do his wound no harm, I beg by all means he may be brought hither immediately.

Fin. 'Shah! his wound, madam, I know he does not value it of a rush: for he'll have actions against the rogues for false imprisonment, and smart-money. Ladies, I kiss your hands. Sir, I——nothing at all! [*Exit* L. H.

At. (*Aside.*) The dog has done it rarely! for a lie upon the stretch, I don't know a better rascal in Europe.

Enter an Officer, L. H.

Off. Aye, now I'm sure I'm right. Is not your name Col. Standfast, sir?

At. Yes, sir, what then?

Off Then you are my prisoner, sir.

At. Your prisoner! Who the devil are you—a bailiff? I don't owe a shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, sir; I have a warrant against you for high treason, and I must have you away this minute.

At. Look you, sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious prosecution. You may venture to stay a

quarter of an hour, I'm sure; I have some business here till then, that concerns me nearer than my life.

Clar. Have but so much patience, and I'll satisfy you for your civility.

Off. I could not stay a quarter of an hour, madam, if you'd give me five hundred pounds.

Syl. Can't you take bail, sir?

Off. Bail! no—no.

Clar. Whither must he be carried?

Off. To my house, till he's examined before the council.

Clar. Where is your house?

Off. Just by the secretary's office—everybody knows Mr. Lockum, the messenger. Come, sir.

At. I can't stir yet, indeed, sir. [*Lays his hand on his sword.*

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that play. Come in, gentlemen, away with him.

Enter Musqueteers, L. H. *and force him off,* L. H.

Syl. This is the strangest accident, I am extremely sorry for the colonel's misfortune, but I am as heartily glad he is not Mr. Freeman.

Clar. I'm afraid you will find him so. I shall never change my opinion of him till I see 'em face to face.

Syl. Well, cousin, let 'em be two or one, I'm resolved to stick to Mr. Freeman; for to tell you the truth, this last spark has too much of the confident rake in him to please me, but there is a modest sincerity in t'other's conversation that's irresistible.

Clar. For my part, I'm almost tired with the impertinence either way, and could find in my heart to trouble myself no more about him, and yet methinks it provokes me to have a fellow outface my senses.

Syl. Nay, they are strangely like, I own; but yet if you observe nicely, Mr. Freeman's features are more pale and pensive than the colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. Freeman comes I'll be closer in my my observation of him.

Syl. You seem very much concerned for the colonel's misfortune, cousin.

Clar. His misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see, for here he comes.

Enter ATALL *as* MR. FREEMAN.

Syl Bless me!

At. I am sorry, madam, I could not be more punctual to your obliging commands, but the accident that prevented my

coming sooner will, I hope, now give me a pretence to a better welcome than my last. For now, madam,—[*Crosses* C. *to* Clar.]—your mistakes set right, I presume, and I hope you won't expect Mr. Freeman to answer for all the miscarriages of Col. Standfast.

Clar. Not in the least, sir. The colonel's able to answer for himself I find—ha, ha, ha!

At. Was not my servant with you, madam! [*To* Syl.]

Syl. Yes—yes, sir, he has told us all. Had you come two minutes sooner, you would have been as much surprised as we, for the colonel, that strange image of you, was here.

At. Oh, dear madam, why would you part with him, when I had sent you word before, I would be with you as soon as my wound was drest.

Syl. 'Twas not in our power to keep him, sir; for it seems the same officer that mistook you for him, pursued him hither, and hurried him away to prison.

At. I'd give the world, methinks, to see him! What say you, madam, have you curiosity enough to take coach immediately, and carry me to him?

Syl. You'll excuse me if I don't desire to bring you together; especially while the smart of the wound you received upon his account is so fresh upon you. I would not hazard you in a new quarrel.

Clar. (*Aside.*) Lard! how happy the creature is.

At. Oh, fie! Madam, upon my faith, I have not the least malice in the world to the gentleman.

Clar. Nor the gentleman to you, I dare swear, sir—ha, ha, ha! For assurance and credulity, I thank my stars, I never saw a couple better matched in my life before—ha, ha! Why won't you go to the messenger's, cousin, and prove me in the wrong? you'll see no danger of a new quarrel, take my word for't; for I'm strangely afraid that the only way in Nature to bring this gentleman and the Colonel face to face, is to hold him a looking-glass. Ha, ha! [*Exit* L. H.

At. So, she's gone to the messenger's, I suppose; but, poor soul, her intelligence there will be extremely small.—[*Aside.*] Well, madam, I hope at last your scruples are over.

Syl. Yes; methinks there is a native honesty in your look that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my heart.

At. Oh, for pity still preserve that tender thought, and save me from despair!

Enter CLERIMONT, L. H.

Clar. Ha! Freeman again! Is it possible!

At. How now, Clerimont, what are you surprized at?

Cler. Why, to see thee almost in two places at one time 'tis but this minute I met the very image of thee with the mob about a coach, in the hands of a messenger, whom I had the curiosity to stop and call to; and had no other proof of his not being thee, but that spark would not know me.

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceived.

Cler. 'Twas certainly Clarinda I saw go out in a chair just now.

Syl. (*To* At.) Well, sir, to ease you of your fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over.

Enter Sylvia's Maid.

Maid. Oh, madam, I'm glad I've found you; your father and I have been hunting you all the town over.

Syl. My father in town? [*Crosses to* Maid.]

Maid. He waits below in the coach for you: he must needs have you come away this minute, and talks of having you married this very night to the gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft compassion touched your soul, give me one word of comfort. [*Crosses* R C.]

Syl. You see we are observed—but yet depend upon my faith as on my life. Now don't follow me, as you'd preserve my friendship. Come, madam.

[*Exit with* Maid 2 E. L. H.

At. Death! how this news alarm me! I never felt the pains of love before.

Cler. Now then to ease or to revenge my fears. This sudden change of your countenance, Mr. Atall, looks as if you had a mind to banter your friend into a belief of your being really in love with the lady that just now left you.

At. Faith, Clerimont, I have too much concern upon me at this time to be capable of a banter.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touch'd, and I begin now only to fear Clarinda's conduct. Well, sir, if it be so, be still sincere, and we may still be friends. Have you no acquaintance with a certain lady, whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. But pray why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too. Because I have strong circumstances that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

At. Not she you saw with me, I hope?

Cler. No, I mean the other. But to clear the doubt at once, is her name Clarinda?

At. I own it is. But had I the least been warned of your pretences?

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you. You own she has received your gallantries at least.

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her cousin about me; but since I now know your heart, put my friendship to a trial.

Cler. Only this, If I should be reduced to ask it of you, promise to confess your imposture and your passion to her cousin, before her face.

At. There's my hand—I'll do't, to right my friend and mistress. But, dear Clerimont, you'll pardon me if I leave you here: for my poor incognita's affairs at this time are in a very critical condition.

Cler. No ceremony—I'll release you. [*Exit,* R. H.

At, Adieu! [*Exit,* L. H.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Solomon's House, as before.*

Enter CARELESS *and* CLERIMONT, L. H.

Cler. And so you took the opportunity of her fainting, to carry her off: pray, how long did her fit last?

Care. Why, faith, I so humoured her affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her life was in danger, and swore if she would not let me send for a parson to marry her before she died, I'd that minute send for a shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same coffin: but at the apprehension of so terrible a thought, she pretended to be frightened into her right senses again; and forbid me her sight for ever.—So that, in short, my impudence is almost exhausted, her affectation is as insurmountable as another's real virtue, and I must e'en catch her that way, or die without her at last.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I can't impose upon her by humility, which I'll try; I'll e'en turn rival to myself in a very fantastical figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist. You must know, that she has of late been flattered, that the Muscovite prince Alexander is dying for her, though he never spoke to her in his life.

Cler. I understand you: so you'll first venture to pique

her against you, and then let her marry you in another person, to be revenged of you.

Care. One of the two ways, I am pretty sure to succeed.

Cler. Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir Solomon in the next room?

Care. What, you want his assistance? Clarinda's in her airs again!

Cler. [*Crosses* R.] Faith, Careless, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

Care. Away with you, then. [*Exit* Cler. R., Care. L.

Enter SUPPLE *and* CAPTAIN STRUTT, 1.H.

Sup. If you please to walk in, sir, my master will wait upon you presently——Here he is—

Enter SIR SOLOMON, R.

Capt. S. Your servant, sir.

Sol. Oh! yours, sir. Have you any commands for me?

Capt. S. Sir, I hear you are a man of honour, and understand a sword.

Sol. Sir, I know a little of the law, and I believe that's as well.

Capt. S. But men of honour are above law, sir, and I have been once with you before, sir; and I come now to tell you, once for all, that if I don't marry your niece, you must meet me behind Mountague-house.

Sol. Meet you! for what, sir?

Capt. S. With your sword in hand, sir.

Sol. By gingo, Captain, but I won't—I don t like your company so well.

Capt. S. Then, sir, I'll post you for a coward.

Sol. Then, sir, you'll post yourself for a madman—For I'm a citizen of London, have fined for alderman, and will fight with ne'er a beggarly rake of you all.

Capt. S. Then I must tell you, sir, you are a pitiful putt and have neither honour nor courage.

Sol. And I must tell you, sir, I have both; for I pay my debts, and fear no bailiff alive, sir; which, I believe, is more than you can say, most terrible Captain.

Capt. S. Look you, sir, I'll spoil her fortune; I'll follow her to the church, and the play-house; I'll knock every man down that looks at her; and cut every coxcomb's throat that pretends to her.

Sol. Sir, if you talk at this rate to me, I'll swear the peace against you, and bind you to a strange companion—your good behaviour.

Enter CLERIMONT, R. H.

Cler. What's the matter, Sir Solomon?

Sol. Why, here's an impertinent beggarly fellow, swears he'll have my niece, or cut my throat.

Cler. How, sir?

Capt. S. Sir, I am in love with his niece, among the rest of the great fortunes of the town: sir, I have followed her at a distance these twelve months, and have spent an hundred pounds after her in fair perriwigs, red stockings, and sword-knots.

Cler. Did you ever speak to her, sir? [*Crosses,* C]

Capt. S. No, sir, but I have done all that's necessary, or usual with soldiers. I have toasted her, bowed to her, walked with my arms across, and ogled her.

Cler. [*Looking closely at him.*] Hum! is not your name Strutt?

Capt. S. Ay, sir, Captain Strutt—and as good a family—

Cler. As ever was kicked, sirrah! Was not you my father's footman at the Revolution? I'll cool your love, Mr. Dog! [*Kicks him.*

Sol. By gingo, Captain, I did not know you would take a beating.—There—now, ha'n't I courage, Captain.

Capt. S. Sir, as I was your father's footman, I take these blows; but as I am a Captain of the militia—

Cler. You'll take 'em better, I know. [*Kicks him again.*

Capt. S. Blood! Sir—don't think, sir—damme, sir, I shall expect satisfaction. [*Exit,* L. H.

Sol. O dear. Mr. Clerimont, I'm persuaded he'll fight yet.

Cler. Never apprehend it, sir. I vow I did not know the rogue, he was so altered.

Sol. Really, sir, my niece and I are extremely obliged to you for this: and to shew you I'm in earnest, if you like the conditions I told you of, she's yours.

Cler. That, indeed, was my business to you now, sir—and if you please—

Sol. Here's company—come into the next room. [*Exeunt,* R.

Enter LADY DAINTY, LADY SADLIFE, *and* CARELESS, L.

Lady D. This rude boisterous man has given me a thousand disorders: the cholic, the spleen, the palpitation of the heart, and convulsions all over—Huh, huh!—I must send for the doctor.

Lady S. Come, come, e'en pardon him, and let him be your physician—do but observe his penitence—so humble, he dares not speak to you.

Care. [*Folds his arms, and sighs.*] Oh!

Lady S. How can you hear him sigh so?

Lady D. Nay, let him groan—for nothing but his pangs can ease me.

Care. [*Kneels, and presents her his drawn sword—opening his breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your vengeance here.

Lady D. No, I give thee life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting eyes may kill thee every hour.

Care. Nay, then, there's no relief but—this—[*Offering at his sword,* Lady Sadlife *crosses,* c., *and holds his arm.*]

Lady S. Ah! for mercy's sake—barbarous creature, how can you see him thus?

Lady D. Why, I did not bid him kill himself: but do you really think he would ha' don't?

Lady S. Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

Lady D. Strange passion! But 'tis its nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

Lady S. Won't you speak to him?

Lady D. No, but if your—is enough concerned to be his friend, you may tell him—not that it really is so—but you may say—you believe I pity him.

Lady S. Sure love was never more ridiculous on both sides! [*Enter* WISHWELL, L. H.]

Wish. Madam, here's a page from prince Alexander, desires to give a letter into your ladyship's own hands.

Lady D. Prince Alexander! what means my heart? I come to him.

Lady S. By no means, madam—pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince Alexander! nay, then I have found out the secret of this coldness, madam. [*Enter* Page, L. H.]

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince Alexander, my master, has commanded me, on pain of death, thus—[*Kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning secret of his heart.

Lady D. Where is the Prince?

Page. Reposed in private on a morning pallet, 'till your commands vouchsafe to raise him.

Lady S. By all means, receive him here immediately; I have the honour to be a little known to his Highness.

Lady D. The favour, madam, is too great to be resisted: pray tell his Highness, then, the honour of the visit he designs me, makes me thankful, and impatient!—huh, huh!

[*Exit* Page, L.H.

Care. Are my sufferings, madam, so soon forgot, then! was I but flattered with the hope of pity?

Lady D. The happy have whole days, and those they choose. [*Resenting.*] The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose. [*Exit* L., *repeating.*

Lady S. Don't you lose a minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you—ten thousand thanks, dear madam, I'll be transformed in a second.

[*Exeunt severally*—Lady S., L. H. Care. R. H.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Sir Solomon's House.*

Enter CLARINDA, *in man's habit*, L. H. 1 E.

Clar. So, I'm in for't now! how I shall come off, I can't tell: 'twas but a bare saving game I made with Clerimont. I have used him ill, that's certain Well, (begging my sex's pardon) we do make the silliest tyrants—Here they come.

Enter SIR SOLOMON *and* CLERIMONT, L. H.

Sol. What have we here! another captain? if I were sure he were a coward, now, I'd kick him before he speaks.—Is your business with me, sir?

Clar. If your name be Sir Solomon Sadlife.

Sol. Yes, sir, it is, and I'll maintain it, as ancient as any, and related to most of the families in England.

Clar. My business will convince you, sir, that I think well of it.

Sol. And what is your business, sir?

Clar. Why, sir—you have a pretty kinswoman, called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sol. And what then, sir? [*Aside.*] Such a rogue as t'other.

Clar. Now, sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you so, sir! [*Aside.*] I may chance to cure you of it.

Clar. And to back my pretensions, sir, I have a good fifteen hundred pounds a year estate, and am, as you see, a pretty fellow into the bargain.

Sol. She that marries you, sir, will will have a choice bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, sir, Ill give you a thousand guineas to make up the match.

Sol. [*Aside.*] Hum! But, sir, my niece is provided for.

Cler. [*Aside.*] That's well.

Sol. But if she were not, sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a smock face and a feather, sir—and—and—[*Aside.*] let me see you an hour hence.

Clar. [*Aside.*] Well said, uncle. But, sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

Sol. Whether she likes you or no, sir?

Clar. Like me—ha, ha! I'd feign see a woman, that dislikes a pretty fellow with fifteen hundred pounds a year, a white wig, and black eye-brows.

Cler. [*Crosses* c.] Hark you, young gentleman, there must go more than all this, to the gaining of that lady.

[*Takes* Clarinda *aside.*

Sol. [*Aside.*] A thousand guineas! that's five hundred more than I proposed to get of Mr. Clerimont.—But my honour is engaged—Ay, but then here's a thousand pounds to release it. Now shall I take the money—it must be so—coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your doubts and pretensions. Come, sir, I'll try your courage.

Cler. I am afraid you won't, young gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, sir, you shall find I scorn to yield to any man. [*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Cler., L. H.

Sol. [*Aside.*] Ha! they are going to fight—with all my heart—a fair chance at least for a better bargain: far if the young spark should let the air into my friend Clerimont's midriff now, it may possibly cool his love too, and then there's my honour safe, and a thousand guineas. [*Exit,* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A Field.*

Enter CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT.

Cler. Come, sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the lady were by, sir, that the conqueror might carry her off the spot. I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, sir, to fight for a woman you don't value!

Clar. Sir, I value the reputation of a gentleman; and I don't think any young fellow ought to pretend to it, till he has talked himself into a lampoon, lost his two or three thousand pounds at play, and killed his man.

Cler. Very gallant indeed, sir; but if you please to handle your sword, you'll soon go through your course.

Clar. Come on, sir—I believe I shall give your mistress a truer account of your heart, than you have done. I have had her heart long enough, and now will have yours.

Cler. Ha! does she love you then? [*Endeavouring to draw.*

Clar. I leave you to judge that, sir—but her eyes have told me so a thousand times; in short, I've had her heart so long that I'm tired of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw; or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first—Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the man that vindicates her honour—therefore be quick, or I'll keep my word.—I find your sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the scabbard so: I believe I did not wipe off the blood of the last man I fought with.

Cler. Come, sir! this trifling sha'n't serve your turn; here give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my heart, sir.—Now have at you.

Cler. [*Draws, and finds only a hilt in his hand.* Clarinda *thrusts at him ronnd the Stage.*] Death! you villain, do you serve me so?

Clar. In love and war, sir, all advantages are fair; so we conquer, no matter whether by force or stratagem: come, quick, sir; your life or mistress—

Cler. Neither—death! You shall have both or none. Here drive your sword; for only through this heart you reach Clarinda.

Clar. Death, sir! can you be mad enough to die for a woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater madness then to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, sir, she has used you basely, falsely, ill—and for no reason.

Cler. No matter—no usuage can be worse than the contempt of poorly, tamely parting with her.—She may abuse her heart by happy infidelities, but 'tis the pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous passion!—You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot if you would.—I would indeed have won her fairly from you with my sword, but scorn to take her as your gift. Be quick, and end your insolence—

Clar. Yes, thus—most generous Clerimont—you now indeed have fairly vanquished me. [*Runs to him.*] My woman's follies and my shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha! Clarinda! is't possible! my wonder rises with my joy.—How came you in this habit?

Clar. Now you recal my blushes; I knew from our parting, your fear of losing me would reduce you to comply with Sir

Solomon's demands, or his interest in your favour. Therefore, as you saw, I was resolved to ruin his market, by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously and timely offered, for it really prevented my signing articles to him. But if you would heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his interest, e'en let us steal to the next priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly, considering the trusts I have made you, 'twould be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing—and if you should grow weary of me after such usage, I can't blame you.

Cler. Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,
For love sincere refines upon the taste. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Sir Solomon's House.*

Enter LADY DAINTY, *and* CARELESS, *as* Prince Alexander, L.

Lady D. Your Highness, sir, has done me honour in this visit.

Care. Madam— [*Salutes her.*

Lady D. A captivating person!

Care. May the days be taken from my life and added to yours—most incomparable beauty! whiter than the snow, that lies the year about unmelted on our Russian mountains. Were it possible, madam, that so much beauty could endure the martial roughness of our manners and our country,—I cannot boast—but if a province at your feet could make you mine, that province and its master should be yours.

Lady D. Ay! here's grandeur with address!—An odious native lover, now, would have complained of the taxes, perhaps; and have haggled with one for a scanty jointure out of his horrid lead mines, in some uninhabitable mountains, about an hundred and fourscore miles from unheard of London.

Care. I am informed, madam, there is a certain poor distracted English fellow, that refused to quit his saucy pretensions to your all-conquering beauty, though he had heard I had myself resolved to adore you. Careless, I think, they call him.

Lady D. Your Highness wrongs your merit, to give yourself the least concern for one so much below your fear.

Care. When I first heard of him, I on the instant ordered one of my retinue to strike off his head with a scimitar; but they told me the free laws of England allowed of no such

power. So that, though I am a prince of the blood, madam, I am obliged only to murder him privately.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a reproach to the ill-breeding of our Constitution, not to admit your power with your person. But if the pain of my entire neglect can end him, pray be easy.

Care. Madam, I am not revengeful; make him but miserable—I'm satisfied.

Lady D. You may depend upon't.

Care. [*Aside.*] I am in strange favour with her. Please you, madam, to make your fragrant fingers familiar with this box.

Lady D. Sweet, or plain, sir?

Care. Right Moscow, madam, made of the sculls of conquered enemies.

Lady D. Every thing manly.—But this room's exceeding hot—I'm fainting.

Care. Let this arm support you, madam. I am but the needle to this northern star:—I wait on you. [*Exeunt* L.

Enter SIR SOLOMON, *with* OLD WILFUL, LADY SADLIFE, *and* SYLVIA, *weeping*, R. H.

Sol. Troth, my old friend, this is a bad business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand-pound bond, you say, to marry your daughter to a fine gentleman, and she in the mean time, it seems, is fallen in love with a stranger.

Old W. Look you, Sir Soloman it does not trouble me o' this: for I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

Lady S. But, sir, your daughter tells me, that the gentleman she loves is in every degree in as good circumstances as the person you design her for; and if he does not prove himself so before to-morrow morning, she will cheerfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

Old W. All sham! all sham! only to gain time—I expect my friend and his son here immediately, to demand performance of articles; and if her ladyship's nice stomach does not immediately comply with 'em, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

Lady S. But consider, sir, what a perpetual discord must a forced marriage probably produce.

Old W. Discord! pshaw! waw! One man makes as good a husband as another—A month's marriage will set all to rights, I warrant you.

Lady S. [*To* Sylvia.] What shall we do for you? there's no altering him—did not your lover promise to come to your assistance?

Syl. I expect him every minute—but can't foresee from him the least hope of my redemption—[*Crosses* L. C.] This is he!

Enter ATALL, *undisguised*, L. H.

At. My Sylvia! dry those tender eyes, for while there's life there's hope.

Lady S. Ha! is't he? but I must smother my confusion!

Old W. How now, sir! Pray who gave you commission to be so familiar with my daughter?

At. Your pardon [*Crosses* L. C.] Sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my freedom or my pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

Old W. Why, sir, what prentensions have you to her?

At. Sir, I saved her life at the hazard of my own: that gave me a pretence to know her; knowing her, made me love, and gratitude made her receive it.

Old W. Ay, sir, and some very good reasons, best known to myself, make me refuse it.—Now what will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, sir.—But if you'll do me the favour to let me know those reasons—

Old W. Sir, I don't think myself obliged to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, since you say you love my daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me! I beg you, sir.

Old W. Not I, upon my soul, sir, for look you—'tis only this—get my consent, and you shall have her.

At. I beg your pardon, sir, for endeavouring to talk reason to you. But to return your raillery, give me leave to tell you, when any man marries her but myself he must certainly ask my consent.

Old W. Before George, thou art a very pretty impudent fellow; and I'm sorry I can't punish her disobedience, by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of plague about this business, sir, for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my pretensions to her.

Old W. Hah! 'tis a thousand pities I can't comply with thee: thou wilt certainly be a thriving fellow; for thou dost really set the best face upon a bad cause that ever I saw since I was born.

At. Come, sir,—once more, raillery apart; suppose I prove myself of equal birth and fortune, to deserve her?

Old W. Sir, if you were eldest son to the Cham of Tartary, or had the dominions of the Great Mogul entailed upon you and your heirs for ever; it would signify no more than t e

bite of my thumb.—The girl's disposed of; I have matched her already upon a thousand-pound forfeit, and faith she shall fairly run for't.

At. Confusion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Old W. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my sincerity.

At. My Father! Nay, then my ruin is inevitable.

Enter SIR HARRY ATALL, L. H.

Sir H. [*To* Attall.] O, sweet sir, have I found you at last? Your very humble servant: what's the reason pray, that you have had the assurance to be almost a fortnight in town, and never came near me; especially when I sent you word I had business of such consequence with you?

At. I understood your business was to marry me, sir, to a woman I never saw; and to confess the truth,—[Sylvia *gets* L. H.] I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

Sir H. Was you so, sir?—why then, sir, I'll find a speedy cure for your passion—Brother Wilful—hey, fiddles there!

At. You may treat me, sir, with what severity you please: but my engagements to that lady are too powerful and fixed, to let the utmost misery dissolve 'em.

Sir H. What does the fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die than part with her.

Old W. Hey!—why, is this your son, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Hey-day! why, did not you know that before?

At. O earth! and all you stars! is this the lady you designed me, sir!

Syl. O fortune! is it possible?

Sir H. And is this the lady, sir, you have been making such a bustle about?

At. Not life, health or happiness, are half so dear to me.

Sol. [*Joining* Atall *and* Sylvia's *hands.*] Loll! lol lerol!

At. O transporting joy! [*Embracing* Sylvia.

Sir H. and Old W. [*Joining in the tune, and dancing about them.*] Loll! loll! [*The three* Old Men *dance round together.*

Sol. Hey! within there! [*Calls the fiddles.*] by gingo we'll make a night on't. [*Enter* CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT, L. H.]

Clar. Save you, save you, good people! I am glad, uncle, to hear you call so cheerfully for the fiddles, it looks as if you had a husband ready for me.

Sol. Why, that I may have by to-morrow night, madam; but in the mean time, if you please, you may wish your friends joy.

Clar. Dear Sylvia!

Syl. Clarinda.

At. O Clerimont, suc' a deliverance!

Cler. Give you joy, joy, sir.

Clar. I congratulate your happiness—and am pleased our little jealousies are over: Mr. Clerimont has told me all, and cured me of curiosity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll see presently! But, Sir Soloman what do you mean by to-morrow! why do you fancy I have any more patience than the rest of my neighbours?

Sol. Why truly, madam, I don't suppose you have, but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as the business can be done; by which time I expect a jolly fox-hunter from Yorkshire, and if you are resolved not to have patience till next day, why the same parson may toss you all four in a dish together.

Clar. A filthy fox-hunter?

Sol. Odd zooks! a mettled fellow. None of our flimsy London rascals. Are you so high fed, madam, that a country gentleman of 1,500*l.* a year won't go down with you?

Clar. Not so, sir, but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forced to provide for myself, and here stands the fox-hunter for my money.

[*Crosses to* Clerimont, and *claps him on the shoulder.*

Sol. How!

Cler. [*Crosses to him*—Clarinda *gets on his* R.] Even so, Sir Solomon—hark in your ear, sir! you really held your consent at so high a price, that, to give you a proof of my good husbandry, I was resolved to save charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sol. Hell! and—

Clar. And hark you in t'other 'ear sir;—because I would not have you expose your age by a mistake—know, sir, I was the young spark with a smooth face and a feather, that offered you a thousand guineas for your consent, which you would have been glad to have taken.

Sol. The devil! if ever I traffic in woman's flesh again, may all the bank-stocks fall when I have bought 'em, and rise when I have sold 'em.—Hey day! what have we here! more cheats!

Cler. Not unlikely, sir—for I fancy they are married.

Enter LADY DAINTY *and* CARELESS, L., *cross to* C.

Lady S. That they are, I can assure you.—I give your Highness joy, madam.

Lady D. Lard! that people of any rank should use such

vulgar salutations—though methinks highness has something of grandeur in the sound. [*Enter* WISHWELL, L. H.]

Wish. Sir, the music's come.]

Lady S. Let 'em play.

Lady D. Well! there's nothing shews so visibly the remaining footsteps of our primitive barbarity, as our odious noise at weddings—huh, huh! But I was in hopes, good people, that confident fellow, Careless, had been among you.

Care. What say you, madam, to divert the good company, shall we send for him by way of mortification?

Lady D. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full despair.

Care. Why then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine lady of her sickly taste, than a lover of his impudence—There's Careless for you, without the least tincture of despair about him. [*Discovers himself.*

All. Ha! Careless!

Lady D. Abused! undone!

All. Ha, ha!

Cler. Nay, now, madam, we wish you a superior joy; for you have married a man, instead of a monster.

Care. Come! come, madam, since you find you were in the power of such a cheat—you may be glad it was no greater; you might have fallen into a rascal's hands: but you know I am a gentleman, my fortune no small one, and if your temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

Lady S. Come! e'en make the best of your fortune: for take my word, if the cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I would never have had a hand in it—you must pardon me if I can't help laughing.

Lady D. Well! since it must be so, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, sir—that is, your promise to wear this habit one month for my satisfaction.

Care. O, madam! that's a trifle! I'll lie in the sun a whole summer for an olive complexion, to oblige you.

Enter Situp, Finder, Supple, *and* China Woman, *who join in Country Dance after the Cotillion*

Old W. Odd zooks, here's a great deal of good company, ho! and it's a shame the fiddles should be idle all this while.

Care. Oh! by no means! Come strike up, gentlemen.

An old fashioned Cotillion and Country Dance is performed, on which the Curtain drops.

Printed by John Duncombe and Co. Middle Row, Holborn.

The bright hoar frost upon the hills lay sparkling,
The stars gleamed white like specks of ocean foam,
The heavy branches of the firs rose darkling
Against Heaven's glorious dome.
The sad night-winds had hushed their dreary calling,
All earth was still, when downward from the sky
A figure floated, softly as the falling
Of rose-leaves in July.
Her face was fair as face of mortal maiden,
With such a pure, sweet gravity of mien,
It seemed as if the holy light of Eden
Fell on that brow serene.
And scarcely on the earth had she alighted,
When up came Christmas, saying cheerily,
"Well met, sweet angel! We are both benighted—
I'll bear you company.
"Hark how these mortals haste to welcome me
With pealing bells and brightly blazing pile,
With woven garlands, mirth and jollity,
With sparkling jest and smile!
"And so my loved companion thou shalt be,
For old and young will joyously combine
To give a warmer welcome when they see
So fair a face as thine."
Gravely the angel answered, "'Tis for you
Those wreaths are twined, those bells ring merrily;
But I have higher, holier work to do,—
My name is Charity.
"My mission lies where piercing Hunger waits,
Where Sickness banishes content afar,
Where shivering little ones, and fireless grates,
And empty cupboards are.
"You fling your sunshine over all the earth;
I bear to these poor homes a little ray,
And strive my best that none may feel a dearth
Of joy on Christmas Day.
"But oh, the hearts of men are hard to touch:
They ask for peace, yet where they may obtain it
They heedless pass; and worldly wealth is such,
It hardens those who gain it.
"Oh that my power were equal to my will,
How many wretched firesides would I bless!
How many hopeless spirits would I fill
With joy and thankfulness!"
Then said Old Christmas, "From this time henceforth
Thy path is mine, and thou shalt go with me;
Wherever I am welcomed on the earth
There also shalt thou be.
"Nor will we have one interest apart,
For men shall ease each other's misery:
[illegible] they take Old Chri[illegible]